

THE CRITIC: LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

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Or this:
John, think you, you shall get to see
This Exhibition grand?
Go where I will find it is,
The talk of all the land, &c., &c.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

LEADERS:—	
The Copyright Question.	251
The Periodical and Newspaper Press.	251
Historical Gleanings of the Georgian Era.	253
PHILOSOPHY.—	
Burges's Works of Plato.	253
SCIENCE.—	
Humboldt's Cosmos.	254
GomPERTZ'S Mechanical Inventions and Suggestions.	254
Taylor's Decimal System.	254
BIOGRAPHY.—	
Mitford's Correspondence of Horace Walpole.	254
Dixon's William Penn.	256
Mrs. Adam Clarke; her Character and Correspondence.	258
Miles's Life and Correspondence of the Rev. Isaac Watts.	258
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.—	
Lady Wortley's Travels in the United States.	258
FICTION.—	
Caleb Field; a Tale of the Puritans.	260
Sym's Realities; a Tale.	260
Ralph Rutherford.	261
Arthur's Insubordination.	261
Plancy's Legends of the Seven Capital Sins.	261
POETRY AND THE DRAMA.—	
Sturm's Plagues of Egypt.	261
The Exodus: a Dramatic Poem.	261
Osborn's Fame; or the Real and the Ideal.	261
Sadler's Miscellaneous Poems.	261
RELIGION.—	
Thom's St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians.	262
EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—	
Hood's Self-Education.	262
Stewart's History of Modern Europe.	262
The Child's Treasure.	262
Tilberd's Collection of Secular Music.	262
Mrs. Thornby's Skeleton Themes.	262
MISCELLANEOUS.—	
The Royal Exchange, and the Palace of Industry.	263
Handbook for Killarney.	263
THE PAMPHLETTER.	263
FRENCH LITERATURE.—	
Jules's les Socialistes Depuis Fevrier.	264
MUSIC.—	
ART JOURNAL.—	
Exhibition of the Royal Academy.	265
National Institution of Fine Arts.	266
Exhibition of Works of the most Eminent Modern British Painters.	266
New Society of Painters in Water Colours.	267
Talk of the Studios.	267
THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.	
PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.	268
GOSF OF THE LITERARY WORLD.	269
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.	270

THE CRITIC:
LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

THE Court of Error has reversed the decision of the Court of Exchequer in the case of *Boosey v. Purday*, and in the case of *Boosey v. Jeffreys*, of which a very full and corrected report is given in the last number of *The Law Times* (for May 24), at p. 110 of the Reports, has held that a foreigner may obtain a copyright in England by first publishing his work there.

From this view of the law, we have dissented from the beginning, and our opinion has not been shaken either by the arguments of Counsel or the judgment of the Court. But it is not necessary to repeat now the reasons for an opposite conclusion. The point is decided, and can only be overruled by the House of Lords.

At a meeting of some of the Publishers, on Tuesday, it was determined to take the ques-

tion before the House of Lords for final arbitrament. But we cannot entertain the slightest hope of success there. Lord CAMPBELL was very decided in his opinion, and is not likely to be changed by a repetition of the arguments. True, we have Lord CRANWORTH's opinion to oppose to it, but the weight of opinion upon the judicial bench is so decided in favour of that adopted by the Court of Error, that we cannot hope to find a dissenting majority in the Lords.

The decision is upon the construction of the existing law, apart from all consideration of what the law ought to be. Now would it not be more practicable to procure an alteration of the law by the Legislature, than to obtain a different construction of it from the tribunals?

It will not be difficult to show that the law, as now declared, will operate very injuriously to the interests of native authors, and to the true objects of the Copyright Act—the promotion of genius, by securing to it its reward.

We put out of view works in foreign languages. Although Belgium and France do pirate the works of our authors, their authors have so little to gain by first publishing in England, that in truth we should have no benefit to offer them in exchange for an international copyright.

But it is otherwise with America, and, as that is the strongest case, because of the similarity of language, that should be the one to be urged on the attention of the Legislature.

As the law is now determined, an American author can send his book to England, publish here a day before he publishes it in America, and so obtain a copyright both here and at home. He is doubly blessed.

But how goes it with a British Author. Shrewd Brother JONATHAN is not equally generous to us. He takes good care to pocket all the advantages we are weak enough to give him, and yield us none in return. He pirates the book of the English Author instantaneously, and, without paying the producer a sixpence, reprints his work by hundreds of thousands.

Thus, the British Author is subjected to a double injury; the American writer shares the patronage of readers in England, and the American Publisher plunders him in America.

But some people say, "True, this is a very hard case upon the Authors of England, but it is not for us to deprive American Authors of copyright because America refuses it to our authors. We should set them the example of liberality."

To this we reply, that example is of little service while profit tempts in another direction. So long as the American Authors and Publishers can command the monopoly, both of our markets and of their own, they will not follow our example. There is no inducement to their authors now to use their influence with their Legislature for an international copyright—but the contrary.

It was otherwise under the former construction of our law. As soon as the American Authors found that we in England could treat them as they treat us in America, they were strenuously demanding an international copyright. That effort will, of course, cease with the inducement to it.

And for negotiating with America we have now disabled ourselves. If our government demands an international copyright, what will be the answer of the American government? "We do not want it: it will be useless to us; you have already given us a copyright in England, and we have the benefit of all your authors without paying for them. Our gain now is twofold; you cannot ask us voluntarily to give up half our profits."

But if the decision had been otherwise, how different would have been the reply. Our government might have said, "In England your authors have no protection; ours have none in America; literature in both countries suffers by this; do you give us a copyright and

we will give you one, and thus they who write the language of a third of the surface of the globe will be rewarded in proportion to their deserts by all who speak and read that language."

The interest of the American Authors being then obviously identical with that of our own, their government would doubtless have conceded the boon.

Let, then, the Authors and Publishers of Great Britain make common cause in this matter, and at once appeal to the Legislature to put them in a position to secure a reciprocity of benefit, instead of a reciprocity of injury, from the Authors and Publishers of other countries.

The obvious means of doing this will be to obtain an act of Parliament, simply declaring that no foreigner shall have a copyright in this country, unless he has been resident here for a period of three years. But, with the express proviso, that if any other country shall concede a copyright to English Authors, that then the Queen in Council shall order that a copyright, similar in extent to that given by such country to English Authors, shall be given to the subjects of such country, and therein describing the nature and extent of the copyright so reciprocated.

We reserve for another paper the answer to some fallacies which have been employed on this question by a supposed analogy with free-trade.

THE PERIODICAL AND NEWSPAPER PRESS.

SKETCHES FROM THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

NO. I.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

WITHIN a year of half a century ago, and on a summer night, three young men were gaily chatting on the literature of the day, on the want of spirited periodicals, and on the feasibility of founding a new one, in a garret in Buccleuch-place, an obscure street in the old town of Edinburgh. Two of them were Edinburgh men, and students of law, although the one purposed to join the bar of his native city, and the other that of London; the third, their companion, was an English curate, to whom his patron, the squire of his parish, had committed the care of a son while pursuing his studies at the then famous University of Edinburgh. The aspirant to the honours of the Scottish bar was slender and diminutive in figure, but with eyes of sparkling brilliancy. The future English barrister was tall and spare, with a peculiar nose, and every movement indicated the "fidget." The curate had a jolly twinkle in his eye, and his form predicted obesity. These three youths were FRANCIS JEFFREY, HENRY BROUGHAM, and SYDNEY SMITH, and they were projecting *The Edinburgh Review*. Thirty years later we find them in different positions. JEFFREY had attained the highest official honours of his native country: he was Lord Advocate of Scotland, and represented its metropolis in Parliament. SYDNEY SMITH had proved too much of a humorist and *bon vivant* to be made a Bishop, but he had risen high in the Church, and was soon to be appointed Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. BROUGHAM was Lord High Chancellor of England.

Friendless, unknown, and prospectless, the three young men published the first number of *The Edinburgh Review* in October, 1802. SYDNEY SMITH was its first editor, but he left Edinburgh the following year, when JEFFREY succeeded him, and did not relinquish the post until 1829. How the new publication succeeded, and why it succeeded, need scarcely be recapitulated now. All the daring ideas in philosophy, history, and political economy, which had been elaborated and accumulated during the eighteenth century, were unfamiliar to the general public, and *The Edinburgh Review* was the organ through which their diffusion took place. Liberalism was just rearing its head among the respectable classes.



and they welcomed the advocacy of men of talent and refinement. JEFFREY sparkled, BROUGHAM thundered, SMITH humorized. Soon after their first publication, burst out the new development of literature which makes the first quarter of the nineteenth century famous—BYRON, SCOTT, MOORE, WORDSWORTH, SOUTHEY, COLERIDGE, and to this add the splendid discoveries of DAVY and others in science, and it will be seen what need the public had of a knot of lively critics to prescribe or to help its judgment. Every number was a success. To have “an article in *The Edinburgh*” was deemed an honour by a man like HAZLITT. You might doubt its sagacity or its virtue, but its talent made every one read it. The sincerest religionist could scarcely refrain a laugh over one of SYDNEY SMITH’s expositions of Methodism—the few cultivators of German literature split their sides as they read JEFFREY’s demolition of *Wilhelm Meister*. The disciples of Mr. Pitt trembled when they heard that BROUGHAM had a new paper on the Continental War. As liberalism made way, its advocates in *The Edinburgh* made theirs. Of the three original projectors, BROUGHAM alone survives, and JEFFREY may be said to have been the happiest. Unlike BROUGHAM, he did not sway a senate, for, though his vivid and logical style was duly appreciated in the House, he was on the whole unsuccessful there. Unlike SYDNEY SMITH, he was not the witty oracle of the highest circles; he did not, in London, attain the honours of a brilliant and commanding conversationist. But he sipped the champagne of London society, he sparkled at Holland House, he was flattered as the brilliant editor, and his last years were spent in a congenial sphere. He was a Judge in the Supreme Court of his native city, and his residence beautifully situated some miles from Edinburgh, in a valley at the foot of the finely-wooded hills, was to the last the resort of the gifted and accomplished, whether from near at hand or from afar. He died some eighteen months ago, within a short interval from the decease of his chief literary foe, WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

JEFFREY ceased to be editor of *The Edinburgh* in 1829, and SYDNEY SMITH’s last article was published in 1827; but BROUGHAM still continued for many years to contribute, and, indeed, is still occasionally understood to contribute, although it is said *The Law Review* is the organ which he chiefly favours. But some years before his withdrawal, JEFFREY had secured the services of two contributors, both of whom in some respects, and one of them especially, almost made amends for his own and SYDNEY SMITH’s absence: they were THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY and THOMAS CARLYLE. About the year 1825, MACAULAY, then a young student at Cambridge, and utterly unknown, although he had published some spirited lyrics in an Edinburgh magazine, despatched, without acquaintance or introduction, his famous paper on MILTON to the editor of *The Edinburgh Review*. Under such circumstances an ordinary editor would have thrown it aside, but JEFFREY was not an ordinary editor, and MACAULAY became an accepted, a favoured, and a constant contributor. Up to 1835, when he went to India, almost every number contained an article from his brilliant pen, chiefly on the history and literature of England during the last two centuries, precisely the class of subject most fitted to interest. On his return from India appeared his striking article on Lord BACON; and to his residence there we owe, no doubt, the familiar colouring which invests two of the best of his essays—those on CLIVE and WARREN HASTINGS. Of late years, the composition of his *History* has withdrawn him from *The Edinburgh*. The last article of his there that we remember, was that upon BARRERE, a tremendous invective against the “Anacreon of the Guillotine.” It was read in MS., as we have heard from one present, at Holland

House, before a distinguished party of literary people; for Lady HOLLAND, long after the death of her husband, and though fragile and decrepid, maintained the traditional reputation of the mansion as a hothouse of literature and art; and one of the chief of her few visits out of doors was to the library of the British Museum, where her apparition in a wheeled chair (for she could not walk) will not be easily forgotten. THOMAS CARLYLE, on the other hand, though a far less popular writer than MACAULAY, produced a profound impression on the thoughtful and serious minds of the time. His articles began in 1827, and for six years he was a pretty regular contributor. Yet, how different from JEFFREY! JEFFREY had depreciated BURNS: in the pages of the same review, CARLYLE penned a noble and massive panegyric of the Scottish Peasant. JEFFREY had condemned German literature in the mass and in detail—had “cut up” GOETHE, and sneered at RICHTER as a clumsy and low-bred sentimentalist: CARLYLE put forth his utmost powers to proclaim modern German literature as little less than a new revelation. JEFFREY had sung the praises of modern progress, and the triumphs of machinery—CARLYLE, in *The Signs of the Times*, asserted that these boasted triumphs were leading to the subjugation of mind by matter. These heterodox opinions did not fail to startle the ordinary contributors to the *Review*. We have heard it said, but cannot vouch for the truth of the anecdote, that on the publication of CARLYLE’s remarkable piece entitled “Characteristics,” Lord BROUGHAM declared that he would write no more in *The Edinburgh*, if “that man’s” articles were suffered any longer to appear. It is creditable to JEFFREY and to CARLYLE that no differences of opinion interfered to impair a friendly intimacy. To the last they were on terms, and the only time we ever visited Lord JEFFREY’s mansion, there lay on his drawing-room table CARLYLE’s *French Revolution*, a gift from the author.

On the resignation of JEFFREY, the editorship of the *Review* devolved upon Mr. MACVEY NAPIER, an Edinburgh Advocate, and the editor of that bulky specimen of publishing enterprise, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Mr. NAPIER continued to be editor up to the time of his death, some eight or ten years ago. He was a man of tact and industry, though not of shining parts; the *Review* had received a powerful impulse when placed in his hands, and if it a little lost it during his management, it was no fault of his. *The Edinburgh Review* continued to be the organ of the Whigs, but then it was of the Whigs in power, not out of it. Its tone was more defensive than offensive; its party from the besiegers had become the besieged. The organ which had once been thought too liberal was now, for some, not liberal enough; and the ardent Radicals of the Bentham School, with Mr. JAMES MILL at their head, started *The Westminster* in rivalry. Still, on the whole, *The Edinburgh* maintained its pre-eminence. Though literature was not as it had been, and with the Reform Bill expired the series of works which, commencing with *Childe Harold* and ending with the last of the *Waverley Novels*, had given such scope for critical power, the apparent loss was, perhaps, in reality a gain. The articles more and more assumed the appearance of original essays, for which new books only served as a pretext. MACAULAY often dismissed in a sentence the work whose title was prefixed to his article. Mr. GEORGE MOIR, then Professor of Belles Lettres in Edinburgh University, produced a charming series of articles on the classical literature of England, written in a style remarkable for flexibility and melody, and among which a paper on Sir THOMAS BROWNE stands out distinctly in our memory. Philosophy found, in the pages of *The Edinburgh*, its profoundest British expositor, Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, now Professor of Logic at Edin-

burgh, a man who, above all living men, is most deeply versed in the history of metaphysical thought, and who at present forms the centre of the literary and scientific circle which still survives at Edinburgh. Political economy, the progress of manufactures, social science generally, were handled by Mr. MACULLOCH, the well-known economist and compiler, and who has been rewarded by a lucrative post in the Stationery Office for the zeal with which he laboured to prepare public opinion for a change in the commercial policy of the country. Finally, the rhetorical and vigorous pen of BROUGHAM was still to be traced in many an article on history and politics, lashing his foes and defending his friends with unabated ardour.

Literature has sometimes been called a republic, where a fair field and no favour is open to all comers, and genius and talent win the day. Yet something of family influence may often be traced in its arrangements. The present editor of *The Quarterly Review*, Mr. LOCKHART, is a son-in-law of Sir WALTER SCOTT; the present editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, Mr. EMPSON, is a son-in-law of Lord JEFFREY. Sir WALTER SCOTT was a founder of the one, and Lord JEFFREY of the other; so that the hereditary principle is to be traced even in Literature. Mr. EMPSON married Lord JEFFREY’s only child, and has long been a Professor in the East India Company’s College, at Haileybury. Though not himself a powerful writer, he is admirably qualified for the post of editor, being a gentleman of conciliatory and winning manners, and, as he possesses a large connexion in the highest literary circles, some of the best pens in England are co-operating in contributions to the *Review*. If called on to name the characteristic feature of his editorship, we should say that he has given the *Review* a more solid, serious, and scholarly air than it wore in former years, which arises, probably, from the fact that his own pursuits have been those chiefly of philosophical speculation. Great attention has been paid to recent religious movements, especially to that of the Tractarians on the one hand, and, on the other, to that of the latitudinarian seceders from the Church, such as Messrs. FROUDE, JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, and FOXTON. This description of article has generally proceeded from the pen of Mr. HENRY ROGERS, who, like the late Dr. COOKE TAYLOR, entered literary life under the auspices of Dr. WHATELEY, the present Archbishop of Dublin, and whose memoir of EDMUND BURKE, prefixed to the ordinary edition of his collected works, may have long been familiar to those of our readers who are also readers of the great Irishman. A survey of the present contributors to *The Edinburgh Review* takes us into every sphere of intellectual life. That article on the Russian empire and its relations to Turkey, bearing the stamp of a thoughtful and genial traveller in the East, came from Mr. MONCKTON MILNES, who has thrown it carelessly off after one of his eclectic breakfasts, at which a bishop has been introduced for the first time in his life to a Chartist leader, and the Superior of a Protestant order of Sisters of Charity has been chatting with Miss HARRIET MARTINEAU. The lively characterization of the satirist CHURCHILL, and the criticism of *King Arthur*, which will delight the eager vanity of BULWER, are from the chamber in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, where Mr. JOHN FORSTER, the editor of the *Examiner*, holds his levees of dramatists and authors, and has an encouraging word for each. And whose is this striking criticism on the strange novel of *Shirley*, which Miss BRONTE has just sent from her father’s parsonage among the lonely Yorkshire moors? It is from the pen of Mr. G. H. LEWES, of *The Leader*, the biographer of philosophy, the novelist, historian, dramatist, critic, one of the most genial and versatile of writers and companions, and of whom, when we come to the newspaper press, we shall have more to say. And then the Universities, English and Scotch, send

each its quota. Professor SPALDING, of St. Andrew's, wrote this survey of criticism on SHAKSPEARE. Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON of Edinburgh, writes no longer, but his place is well supplied by Professor DE MORGAN, of University College, in whose brawny style you trace his athletic and vigorous habits. The Professor was examined before the late Commission on the British Museum, and gave evidence strongly in favour of the new catalogue. No wonder, then, that this sturdy defence of Mr. PANIZZI in *The Edinburgh* is from the pen of the Mathematician of University College. And here, from Mr. PANIZZI himself, is the product of elaborate research in that vast library, into the past aggressions of past Popes on this and other kingdoms. Two other professors who contribute to *The Edinburgh*, one from Cambridge and the other from Oxford, are Mr. VENABLES, and Sir GEORGE STEPHEN, late of the Colonial Office. Miss MARTINEAU declares that *Deerbrook* never met with fine appreciation until Mr. VENABLES reviewed it. The religious world of all denominations stands surprised at Sir GEORGE's papers on ecclesiastical biography, and wonders who it can be that sympathises so keenly with, and paints so vividly, devotees of the most unlike—FRANCIS XAVIER and IGNATIUS LOYOLA—ISAAC TAYLOR and WILLIAM WILBERFORCE! Do you ask who it is that in these material days still studies philosophy, and ventures to introduce VICTOR COUSIN to the practical English public? It is Mr. MORELL, the historian of speculative philosophy, and whose large book on that topic has recommended him to the notice of Government, and procured him the honourable and congenial post of Inspector of Schools. See these two papers, which the thread of the bookbinder has brought into juxtaposition—how unlike in subject, style, and authorship: one is a subtle and refined disquisition on TENNYSON, and KEATS, and SHELLEY. It comes from the flower-decked boudoir of Mr. AUBREY DE VERE, a young Irish gentleman of fortune, and a sweet and thoughtful poet. The other, on some political topic of the day, savours strongly of Downing-street—Sir DAVID DUNDAS, the Judge-Advocate, may have written it, or Sir DENIS LE MARCHANT, and perhaps the Prime Minister himself designed to glance at the proofs!

Such are some of the chief features of *The Edinburgh Review* and its contributors as they were and are.

HERODOTUS SMITH.

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS OF THE GEORGIAN ERA.

Reign of George the First, concluded. 1724—1727.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from page 221.)

THE arrival at court of a stranger from abroad,—of a very different character, indeed, from either the Pretender or the Plague,—and who, like certain other court-visitors of this period, nearly as uncouth as himself, was a native of His Majesty's German Dominions, excited, at this time, the curiosity of the British public. The individual in question was “The Wild Boy taken in the Forest of Hamelen, walking upon all fours, running up trees like a squirrel, and feeding upon grass and moss of trees.” Like other followers of His Majesty from Hanover, he appears to have been much caressed by the King and Royal Family, and even in the presence of Royalty to have followed, without scruple, the manners and customs of his native land, which, to His Majesty, with his strong partialities for whatever was German, could not have been distasteful. The costume in which the illustrious stranger figured as his court-uniform, would seem, from the description of it, to have been not altogether dissimilar from certain of the habiliments of a noted personage from abroad, the emissary of a “foreign potentate,” whose

arrival in our day has created even more sensation than that produced by the visitor to whom we have referred. The dress of the latter is stated to be “blue cloathes, lined with red, and scarlet stockings;” which, however, his attendants had “trouble enough to get on and off, by reason of his awkwardness;” and the wearing of which appeared extremely uneasy to him. Concerning certain of his domestic habits, it was asserted that “he can't be brought to lie down a-bed, but sits and sleeps in a corner of the room.” This, however, was a pure matter of taste, and it was conjectured at the time that the habit had been acquired from his having adopted this position as a security against wild beasts. Whether it was supposed that he still retained this uncomfortable custom, because he might fancy that he still occasionally saw wild beasts about him, the journalists do not inform us. Nevertheless, with all his want of refinement, the Fine Arts received encouragement from him, which was more than they did from the Court, as the notice of him concludes by informing us that “he hath begun to sit for his picture.” What particular gallery this rare production adorned, History fails to record.

The Wild boy taken last Winter in the Forest of Hamelen, walking upon all fours, running up trees like a squirrel, and feeding upon grass and moss of trees, was last night carried into the drawing-room of St. James's into the presence of the King, Royal Family, and many of the Nobility. He is supposed to be about 12 or 13 (some think 15) years old, and appears to have but very little idea of things. However, it was observed he took the most notice of His Majesty, (whom he had seen before), and the Princess giving him her glove, he tried to put it on his own hand, and seemed much pleased with a gold watch, which was held to strike in his ear. They have put him on blue cloathes lined with red, and scarlet stockings; but have trouble enough to get them on and off, by reason of his awkwardness, and the wearing of them seems extremely uneasy to him. He can't be brought to lie down a-bed, but sits and sleeps in a corner of the room. From whence 'tis conjectured that he used to sleep in a tree for security against wild beasts, they being forced to saw down one when he was taken. The report of his being hairy on his body is not true; however, the hair of his head grows lower on his forehead than is common. We hear he is committed to the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, one of the King's Physicians, in order to try whether he can be brought to the use of speech, and made a sociable creature. He hath begun to sit for his picture.

King GEORGE the First, appears to have been something of a sportsman, though he followed this diversion apparently with more zeal than success. Pheasant sporting in August will hardly, indeed, accord with the notions of English sportsmen of the present day.

Windsor, August 25.—Yesterday the King, attended by divers of the Nobility and Gentry, went again out a shooting in the Great Park and Forest, and had much diversion, having killed 2 brace and a-half of pheasants, and one brace and a-half of partridges.

Windsor, August 28.—Yesterday His Majesty went out a shooting in the Forest, where he diverted himself from 8 o'clock in the morning, 'till almost five in the afternoon.

The loyalty of the Etonians seems to have been equal to that evinced in our day, and to have been similarly rewarded.

September 5.—They write from Windsor that His Majesty, in taking the diversions of that Place, and passing through Eton, the young noblemen and gentlemen of the school there, being about 400, put themselves in good order to salute him with their acclamations as he passed by, which they perform'd so handsomely that His Majesty sent one of the Lords attending him to desire they might play a week; and the same was readily granted.

One or two more anecdotes of this period which afford an insight into the domestic habits and manners of the King, and of the Court, may be worth recording here.

The first of them presents the Princess of WALES, afterwards Queen CAROLINE, in a very amiable light, and confirms the character which has always been given of her.

June 6, 1724.—When the courtiers went to pay their compliments to His Majesty on his birthday, one Eleanor

Stuart was placed on the way to the Palace, as an object of charity, and was relieved by great numbers. Her Royal Highness stopped her chair, and discours'd her with her wonted affability and condescension, and gave orders for money to be given her, having been often a benefactress to her before. Since the death of Jane Scrimshaw, who died 3 or 4 years ago, aged 127, she is reckoned the oldest person living in this city, being 124 years of age last March. She was mother of 9 children when Charles 1st was beheaded, and kept a great draper's shop at Kendal in Westmoreland; but her husband, who took part with the Royalists, was ruined in the civil Wars, and she is now a pensioner of the Parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; and on Wednesday last she was brought to court and presented to the King, and His Majesty was pleased to order her a handsome donation.

The following notice of the young Prince WILLIAM, who will hereafter occupy a prominent position in one part of this narrative, as Duke of CUMBERLAND, and which is from one of the journals of the 17th of April, 1724, will be read with interest.

Last week, His Royal Highness the young Prince William, was entered a grenadier in the Earl of Albemarle's company in the second Regiment of foot guards, and being properly accounted, appeared in the same at Leicester House.

A witty anecdote of the Queen of FRANCE, coupled with a satire against the English habit of copying French customs and fashions, and which has not even in our day become quite obsolete,—is contained in the *London Journal*, of the 30th of October, 1725.

The Queen of France very much disliking the fashion of the French Ladies in exposing so much of their neck and breasts, and not caring directly to reprimand them for it, provided a large number of tippets, and gave one with her own hand to everybody that came to see her, begging them for her sake to wear it in the approaching cold season; and 'tis said that upon this encouragement, all the tippet makers about Town are hard at work, well knowing that our British Ladies can't possibly keep out off the French fashion.

From the same source of information, we occasionally obtain reports of what is passing abroad, both as regards the Pretender and his allies.

May 9, 1724.—The Chevalier has been observed of late to be very dogged, and snaps at almost every one that speaks to him, insomuch that 'tis to be feared he will fret himself into a consumption. It was observed that, when Mr. de Teuchin saluted him two days ago in the square Navona, he turned his head the other way, which made one of the French lacqueys say with a loud laugh, that “his head was turned.” We were wondering indeed what could put him so out of humour with the abbot, but just now we are assured that the Chevalier has received the mortifying news from Paris that his adherents have lost all favour and countenance at that court, insomuch that the very Halberdiers scruple to admit them to the presence chambers. 'Tis certain the Chevalier hal a better opinion of the Duke who is now prime minister, and therefore no wonder that he is become all in a sudden so waspish to see that he treads exactly in the steps of the Duke of Orleans his whiggy Predecessor.

Occasional notices of the exiled Bishop, are also obtained by the same means.

May 9, 1724.—On Tuesday last Mr. Morrice and his wife set out on their way for Paris, having leave from His Majesty to visit the late Bishop of Rochester.

August 8.—We are advis'd from Paris that since Dr. Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester's arrival in this city, he has pass'd his time in examining the publick libraries, and other curiosities of that city; and that he has been visited by most of the members of the Royal Academy of Sciences, by the famous Father Monfacon, and Abbé Vertot, and other personages of distinction and learning, who seem to pay him a more than ordinary respect.

(To be continued.)

PHILOSOPHY.

The Works of Plato. A new and liberal version, Vol. IV. By GEORGE BURGES, M.A. London: Bohn.

This fourth volume contains thirteen of the Dialogues, the Clitopho, and the Epistles. The translation is a literal one, but as is usual with literal versions, the adherence to the letter is purchased at the sacrifice of some of the spirit, insomuch that we have great doubt whether what is called a free translation does not, upon the whole, best convey to the reader the meaning of the

author. Mr. BURGES is painstaking, learned, and extremely critical and correct, and his notes are extremely valuable. To the student of Greek this work will be invaluable, for it will save him a vast amount of time and toil in turning over the leaves of a dictionary, and introduce him at once to the true meanings of the words. It forms a portion of Mr. Bohn's cheap Classical Library, and therefore is easily procurable.

SCIENCE.

Cosmos : a Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By A. VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German by E. C. OTTI. Vol. 3. London: Bohn.

THIS third volume of a new translation of the famous *Cosmos* is chiefly devoted to astronomy. It is preceded by an historical review of the attempts that have been made with the object of considering the phenomena of the universe as an unity of nature, and then the author proceeds to state the special results of observations in the domain of Cosmical phenomena. It is a bold and graphic sketch of the present state of astronomical science, equalled in interest and descriptive power only by Sir JOHN HERSCHEL's *Treatise on Astronomy*.

Mechanical Inventions and Suggestions on Land and Water Locomotion, Tooth Machinery, &c. By LEWIS GOMPERTZ, Esq. London: Horrell.

A FULL account of a great number of ingenious inventions by Mr. GOMPERTZ, in an extraordinary range of subjects, including carriage wheels, railway carriages, aerial locomotion, crutches for cripples, paddle wheels, pumps, suggestions for cure of apoplexy, wall bricks, pegs for violins, ladders, manifold letter-writers, watches and clocks, drying linen, armour for mine horses, a plan to identify streets and houses, and hints to carmen. Such a versatile genius as this ought not to remain in obscurity, and his volume really deserves encouragement, and will give some useful hints to those who have mechanical tastes.

The Decimal System as applied to the Coinage and Weights and Measures of Great Britain. By HENRY TAYLOR. 4th edition. London: Groombridge. pp. 76.

AN earnest pleading for the adoption of the decimal system, accompanied with a definite plan for the purpose. Public opinion is evidently fast veering towards this most desirable consummation, and Mr. TAYLOR'S volume will help the process.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford and the Rev. William Mason. Now first published from the original MS. Edited, with Notes, by the Rev. J. MITFORD. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

WHEREFORE is it that we never weary of *The Correspondence of Horace Walpole?* Continually new batches of it are given to the world, and, in diving among the papers of his contemporaries, stray letters are brought up and read as eagerly as if the world did not already possess a vast heap of them. What are the qualities that have thus recommended the most careless effusions of a man who had no elements of greatness in him to the regards of posterity, usually esteemed the nicest tribunal by which worth may be tried? Certain it is that, without some latent charm, felt if not perceived, this correspondence could not have attained the popularity it enjoys, and it may not be a useless task to endeavour to trace the sources of this influence.

It appears to us to arise from the very faithful reflection, in his letters, of the character of the man. They make us his friends and companions; we form an intimate acquaintance with him; we know him thoroughly; we are introduced to his real character, see him behind the scenes of life, share his mirth, sympathise with his sorrows and vexations, think with him, and feel with him. There is no difficulty in distinctly painting him to the mind's eye. Before you have perused a volume of his letters, you have the most accurate conception of him—not a shadowy, changeful, dimly-outlined shape, but a man of flesh and blood, with the whims and weaknesses, as well as the virtues and fortitudes, of a man. And his whole

manner of life is equally revealed to us. We are familiar with every bit of furniture in his house—with his garden, and shrubs, and flowers, and with every one of his friends and companions. He is an artist with wonderful versatility of talent. He is able to make a speaking and living likeness, not only of himself, which he does unconsciously, but of every person who comes in contact with him, and whom he transfers to paper by pen and ink as perfectly as ever artists painted the image of a man upon canvas. It is in this that his excellence consists: here is the secret charm of his correspondence. He is a portrait painter in words; he presents to us a whole gallery of his contemporaries, and himself moving among them, distinct and individualized. It is like a revival of the past.

We have said that HORACE WALPOLE was not a great man, although he will be remembered when many a great man is forgotten. But then he never pretends to be great. This is another of the charms of his correspondence; it is thoroughly unaffected; that which he thinks and feels, or imagines he feels, he says.

And he has a most pleasant manner of expressing himself. Never is he heavy, or prosy, or dry. He invests the most commonplace topics with the charm of novelty, simply by the style of his discourse. Good sense is at the bottom, but a refined and cultivated intellect has surrounded it with so much that is ornamental, that often we are receiving wisdom when we imagine we are only enjoying wit.

The Correspondence in these volumes ranges over a considerable period—from 1771 to 1784, between the 50th and the 65th year of HORACE WALPOLE'S life, when the natural infirmities of age were aggravated by the martyrdom of the gout, and when, retired from the cares of business, he was enabled to reflect upon the past, and to collect the results of his experience of life as it then was in courts and political circles. The philosophy which flowed from this experience, coloured, as doubtless it was, by the ill-humour inseparable from painful disease, is not that which we would commend to the reader as true, but it has this value, that it is one side of the question: his facts, at all events, are to be taken into account, in forming our own philosophy, and his experience is the testimony of one who had enjoyed a vast and varied range of observation, with the possession of peculiar faculties for the art of seeing.

Such a work as this, so miscellaneous in its topics, affords an indefinite amount of material for extract, and of that kind which is peculiarly adapted for the columns of a literary journal, because each is interesting in itself, apart from its context. We shall not attempt any order of succession, but present to our readers, without further introduction, such as, of those we had marked, may appear to be, in themselves, the most amusing and the most worthy specimens of the peculiar characteristics of the writer, an object that should always be the aim in the notices of the new books which it is the business of a Literary Journal to introduce to its readers:

HORACE WALPOLE, BY HIMSELF.

Mr. Jerningham has just desired my consent to his dedicating a new poem to me. I remonstrated, and advised him to Augustus, the patron supreme; he would not be said nay, and modesty, as it always does when folks are pressing, submitted; but it was to be a homage to my literary merit. Oh! that was too much, I was downright rude. Sir, says I, literary merit I have none. Literary merit will be interpreted, learning, science, and the Lord knows what, that I have not a grain of. I have forgot half my Latin, and all my Greek. I never could learn mathematics; never had patience for natural philosophy or chess; I have read divinity, which taught me that no two persons agree, and metaphysics, which nobody understands; and, consequently, I am little the wiser for either. I know a little modern history of France and England, which those who wrote did not know; and a good deal of genealogy, which could not be true unless it were written by every mother in every family. If I have written anything tolerable, it was to show I had common

sense, not learning. I value my writings very little, and many others value them still less, which it would be very unreasonable in me to resent, since nobody forgets them so soon as myself, and, therefore, dear sir, &c. Well; he has consented, and I hope from his example, I never shall be called the learned author again, as I have been by magazines, when magazines were so cruel as to wish me well. I should not have said, my pen is my witness, half so much of myself, if I had had anything else to say.

Here is a very amusing account of the production of an Irish person, named STRATFORD, whose vanity had been fostered by the injudicious patronage of CUMBERLAND:

AN IRISHMAN'S TRAGEDY.

The Bishop-Count of Bristol, whom I met t'other night at Mrs. Delany's, desired to send me a play, that he confessed he thought equal to the noblest flights of Shakspeare. Such an honour was not to be refused. Arrived the thickest of quartos, full as the egg of an ostrich, with great difficulty I got through it in two days. It is on the story of Lord Russel. John Lilburne himself could not have more whig-zeal. The style, extremely deficient in grammar, is flogged up to more extravagant rants than Statius's or Claudian's, with a due proportion of tumbles into the kennel. The devils and damnation supply every curse with brimstone, and hell's sublime is coupled with Newgate, St. James's and Stock's market, every scene is detached, and each as long as an act; and every one might be omitted without interrupting the action, for plot or conduct there is none. Jeffries and Father Petre open the drama, and scourge one another up to the blackest pitch of iniquity. They are relieved by Algernon Sidney and Lord Howard; the first rants like a madman and damns the other to the pit of hell. Lady Russel is not a whit less termagant. The good Earl of Bedford on the contrary is as patient as Job, and forgets the danger of his son to listen to the pathetic narrative of his old steward, whose wife had been Lord Russel's nurse and died at seeing him sent to the Tower. The second act begins and never ends with Lord Bedford's visit to Newgate, where he gives money to the jailor for leave to see his son. The jailor chuses him, calls himself Emperor of Newgate, and promises to support his tyranny by every act of royal tyranny: compares himself to Salmoneous, and talks of Nabobs, Stock's alley, and Whitfield. Lord Russel comes to the grate, gives more money equally in vain. At last the monarch-jailor demands 1000*l.*, Russel promises it: the jailor tenders a promissory note. Lord Russel takes it to sign and finds it stipulates 7,000*l.*, and so on. King Charles and the Duke of York enter, quarrel about religion, but agree on cutting Lord Essex's throat, with many such pathetic amenities. The last act contains the whole trial *verbatim*, with the pleadings of the Attorney and Solicitor Generals; Tillotson and Burnet are called to the prisoner's character,—in vain—he is condemned. Lord Bedford falls at the King's feet begging his son's life, the King tells him he teases him to death, and that he had rather be still in Scotland listening to nine hours' sermons delivered:—

Through the funnel

Of noses lengthened down into proboscis.

This is the only flower I could retain of so dainty a garland; the piece concludes with Lady Russel's swooning on hearing the two strokes of the axe. Now you are a little acquainted with our second Shakespeare! Be assured that I have neither exaggerated in the character given, nor in the account of this tedious but very diverting Tragedy.

There are few of our great authors of whom such scanty personal reminiscences are preserved as of GIBBON. We find some scattered notices of him among this correspondence, which, thrown together, will read with interest:

RECOLLECTIONS OF GIBBON.

The lost sheep is found; but I have more joy in one just person than in ninety and nine sinners that do not repent; in short, the renegade Gibbon is returned to me, after ten or eleven weeks, and pleads having been five of them at Bath. I immediately forgave even his return; yet pray do not imagine that I write to announce this recovery; no, it is to impart what he told me. He says that somebody asked Johnson if he was not afraid that you would resent the freedoms he has taken with Gray. "No, no, Sir, Mr. Mason does not like rough handling."

* * *

You will be diverted to hear that Mr. Gibbon has quarrelled with me. He lent me his second volume in the middle of November. I returned it with most civil panegyric. He came for more incense. I gave it, but alas! with too much sincerity I added,—"Mr. Gibbon, I am sorry you should have pitched on so disgusting a subject as the Constantinopolitan History.

There is so much of the Arians and Eunomians, and semi-Pelagians; and there is such a strange contrast between Roman and Gothic manners, and so little harmony between a Consul Sabinus and a Ricimer, Duke of the Palace, that though you have written the story as well as it could be written, I fear few will have patience to read it." He coloured; all his round features squeezed themselves into sharp angles; he screwed up his button-mouth, and rapping his snuff-box, said, "It had never been put together before"—so well he meant to add—but gulped it. He meant so well certainly, for Tillemont, whom he quotes in every page, has done the very thing. Well, from that hour to this I have never seen him, though he used to call once or twice a week; nor has sent me the third volume as he promised. I well knew his vanity, even about his ridiculous face and person, but thought he had too much sense to avow it so palpably. The History is admirably written, especially in the characters of Julian and Athanasius, in both which he has piqued himself on impartiality—but the style is far less sedulously enamelled than the first volume, and there is flattery to the Scots that would choke anything but Scots, who can gobble feathers as readily as thistles. David Hume and Adam Smith are *legislators* and sages, but the homage is intended for his patron, Lord Loughborough,—so much for literature and its fops!

Here is

WALPOLE ON SHERIDAN.

I have read Sheridan's *Critic*, but not having seen it, for they say it is admirably acted, it appeared wondrously flat and old, and a poor imitation; it makes me fear I shall not be so much charmed with the *School for Scandal*, on reading, as I was when I saw it. Apropos to the theatre, I have read the *School for Scandal*: it is rapid and lively, but it is far from containing the wit I expected from seeing it acted.

Now for some

SCENES FROM LIFE.

About ten days ago I wanted a housemaid, and one presented herself very well recommended; I said, "but young woman, why do you leave your present place?" she said she could not support the hours she kept, that her lady never went to bed till three or four in the morning. "Bless me child, said I, why you tell me you live with a Bishop's wife, I never heard that Mrs. North gamed or raked so late." "No sir," said she, but she is three hours undressing." Upon my word, the edifice that takes three hours to demolish, must at least be double the time in fabricating! would not you for once sit up till morning to see the destruction of the Pyramid and distribution of the materials? Do not mention this, for I did not take the girl and she still assist at the daily and nightly revolutions of Babel.

On Tuesday I supped after the opera at Mrs. Meynell's with a set of the most fashionable company, which, take notice, I very seldom do now, as I certainly am not of the age to mix often with young people. Lay Melbourne was standing before the fire, and adjusting her feathers in the glass, says she, "Lord! they say the stocks will blow up: that will be very comical."

Lady Browne and I going to the Duchess of Montrose here at Twickenham Park on Thursday night, as we often do, were robbed by a single horseman within a few yards of the Park-gate. She lost a trifle, and I nine guineas; but I had the presence of mind before I let down the glass to take out my watch and put it within my waistcoat under my arm. The gentleman, for so I believe he was, declared himself much obliged, pulled off his hat, wished us good night, and I suppose will soon have leave to raise a regiment.

Here are some specimens of WALPOLE'S criticism:

ON THE AUTHORS OF HIS TIME.

What a figure will this, our Augustan age make; Garrick's prologues, epilogues and verses, Sir W. Chambers's gardening, Dr. Nowell's sermon, Whittington and his Cat, Sir John Dalrymple's history and the life of Henry II. What a library of poetry, taste, good sense, veracity, and vivacity! ungrateful Shebear! indolent Smolet! trifling Johnson! piddling Goldsmith! how little have they contributed to the glory of a period in which all arts, all sciences are encouraged and rewarded! Guthrie buried his mighty genius in a Review, and Mallet died of his first effusions of his loyalty. The retrospect makes one melancholy, but Ossian has appeared, and were Paradise once more lost, we should not want an Epic Poem.

ON "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Dr. Goldsmith has written a comedy—no, it is in the lowest of all farces, it is not the subject I condemn, though very vulgar, but the execution. The drift tends to no moral, no edification of any kind—the situations, however, are well imagined, and make one laugh in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticisms, and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct.

But what disgusts me most, is, that though the characters are very low, and aim at low humour, not one of them says a sentence that is natural or marks any character at all. It is set up in opposition to sentimental comedy, and is as bad as the worst of them. Garrick would not act it, but bought himself off by a poor prologue.

ON THE ACTORS.

I have been to see Elfrida;—don't think it was out of revenge, though it is wretchedly acted, and worse set to music. The virgins were so inarticulate, that I should have understood them as well if they had sung choruses of Sophocles. Orgar had a broad Irish accent; I thought the first virgin, who is a lusty virgo, called Miss Miller, would have knocked him down, and I hoped she would. Edgar stared at his own crown, and seemed to fear it would tumble off. For Miss Catley, she looked so impudent and was so big with child, you would have imagined she had been singing the black joke, only that she would then have been more intelligible. Smith did not play Athelwold ill; Mrs. Hartley is made for the part, if beauty and figure could suffice for what you write, but she has no one symptom of genius. Still it was very affecting, and does admirably for the stage under all these disadvantages. The tears came into my eyes, and streamed down the Duchess of Richmond's lovely cheeks.

ON THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

You know, I suppose, that the Royal Academy at Somerset House is opened. It is quite a Roman palace, and finished in perfect taste as well as boundless expense. It would have been a glorious apparition at the conclusion of the great war; now it is an insult on our poverty and degradation. There is a sign-post, by West, of His Majesty, holding the memorial of his late campaign, lest we should forget that he was at Coxheath when the French fleet was in Plymouth Sound. By what lethargy of loyalty it happened I do not know, but there is also a picture of Mrs. Wright modelling the head of Charles the First, and their Majesties contemplating it. Gainsborough has five landscapes there, of which one especially is worthy of any collection, and of any painter that ever existed. The Exhibition is much inferior to last year's; nobody shines there but Sir Joshua and Gainsborough. The head of the former's Dido is very fine—I do not admire the rest of the piece. His Lord Richard Cavendish is bold and stronger than he ever coloured. The picture of my three nieces is charming. Gainsborough has two pieces with land and sea, so free and natural that one steps back for fear of being splashed. The back front of the Academy is handsome, but like the other to the street, the members are so heavy that one cannot stand back enough to see it in any proportion, unless in a barge moored in the middle of the Thames.

Now let us string together some of

WALPOLE'S MOTS.

AN ENGLISH SUMMER.—The sun seems to be the only prince that is generous, and sticks by us in our distress. People of all ages call it an old-fashioned summer, such as we used to have ten or twenty years ago, when you are to suppose they were young. I that do not haggle about my three scores, do not remember any such summer these fifty years. It is Italy in a green gown.

AUTHORS.—Authors are said to labour for posterity; for my part I find I did not write even for the rising generation. Experience tells me it was all for those of my own, or near my own time. The friends I have lost were, I find, more than half the public to me. It is as difficult to write for young people, as to talk to them; I never, I perceive, meant anything about them in what I have written, and cannot commence an acquaintance with them in print.

Jean Jacques is certainly dead as well as Voltaire. Poor Charon!

AUTHORS AND LAWYERS.—I am neither ashamed of being an author, or a bookseller. My mother's father was a timber-merchant, I have many reasons for thinking myself a worse man, and none for thinking myself better; consequently I shall never blush at doing anything he did. I print much better than I write, and love my trade, and hope I am not one of those *most undeserving of all objects*, printers and booksellers, whom I confess you lash with justice. In short, I have no notion of poor Mr. Gray's delicacy; I would not sell my talents as orators and senators do, but I would keep a shop, and sell any of my own works that would gain me a livelihood, whether books or shoes, rather than be tempted to sell myself. "Tis an honest vocation to be a scavenger—but I would not be Solicitor-General.

LONDON.—I know nothing, but that politics are dead literature obsolete, the stage lower than in the days of Mysteries, the actors as bad as the plays, the maccaronis as poor as the nabobs are rich, and nothing new upon earth, but coats and waistcoats; as for the women, they think almost as little of their petticoats as the men do.

We are to have my Lord Chesterfield's works, and my Lord Lyttleton's works, which will not much reanimate the age, the *Saturnia regna*.

VOLTAIRE ON SHAKSPEARE.—Voltaire has lately written a letter against Shakspeare (occasioned by the new paltry translation, which still has discovered his miraculous powers), and it is as downright Billingsgate as an apple-woman would utter if you overturned her wheelbarrow, poor old wretch! how envy disgraces the brightest talents! how Gray adored Shakspeare! Partidge the Almanack maker, perhaps, was jealous of Sir Isaac Newton. Dr. Goldsmith told me he himself envied Shakspeare, but Goldsmith was an idiot, with once or twice a fit of parts. It hurts one when a real genius like Voltaire can feel more spite than admiration, though I am persuaded that his rancour is grounded on his conscious inferiority. I wish you would lash this old scorpion a little, and teach him awe of English poets.

We have seen his sketch of his own character on one occasion; on two others, he writes thus, with seeming sincerity:

I will not quarrel with you about what you say o' my wit. Whether I have it, or have had it, I neither know nor care. It was none of my doing; and even if I had it, I am guilty of never having improved it, and of putting it to very trifling uses. Whatever it was, it is gone with my spirits, or passed off with my youth—which I bear the loss of too with patience, though a better possession. But I am seriously hurt with those two words at the conclusion of your letter, *perfect respect*! Jesus! my dear Sir, to me, and from you, *perfect respect*! on what grounds, on what title?—what is there in me respectable? To have flung away so many advantages in so foolish a manner as I have done, is that respectable? to have done nothing in my life that is praiseworthy, not to have done as much good as I might; does this deserve respect from so good a man as you are? have I turned even my ruling passion, that preservative I call it, pride to account? no—yet hear my sincere confession; I had rather be unknown, and have the pride of virtue, than be Shakspeare, which is all I can say of mortal wit. Nay I would rather accept that pride of virtue preferably to all earthly blessings, for its own comfortable insolence, though I were sure to be annihilated the moment I die: so far am I from thinking with the saint, that suffering virtue without a future reward, would of all conditions be the most miserable. There are none, or few real evils, but pain and guilt. The dignity of virtue makes everything else a trifle, or very tolerable. Penury itself may flatter one, for it may be inflicted on a man for his virtue, by that paltry thing ermine and velvet a king. Pray, therefore, never respect me any more, till my virtues have made me a beggar. I am not melancholy, nor going to write *divie poems*. I have a more manly resolution, which is to mend myself as much as I can, and not let my age be as absurd as my youth. I want to respect myself, the person in the world whose approbation I desire most. The next title I aspire to, but not till that person is content with me, is that of being your sincere friend.

And afterwards he repeats:

But it is solemnly true that I have so mean an opinion of myself that I know not how to consent to any honour. Genius I absolutely have not—taste if you please—for of that I should be no more vain than of personal beauty—but I have so much littleness in my mind, such a want of virtue that any praise to my understanding makes me cast my eyes inwards with contrition and disgust. Would not an idol of mud blush if it could, at seeing itself crowned with laurel!—having made my confession to you, my confessor, do what you please, but save me from compliments, and from *Honorables*—there I am proud not humble. I am thoroughly convinced that that wretched ray of an Earldom procured me half my little fame. Things I have published without my name, though not worse than their baptised brethren, have perished in their merited obscurity. I can smile at it but at least it makes me set no value on my literary reputation.

A few scattered facetae will pleasantly conclude this notice:

LORD NORTH.

On Tuesday, in the House of Commons he sat opposite to the Treasury-bench; somebody said, "I see, my lord, you have taken your place." He replied, "Yes, a place for life." It was better what he said on the first Gazette of the new Administration, "I was abused for lying Gazettes, but there are more lies in this one than in all mine,—yesterday his Majesty was pleased to appoint the Marquis of Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Charles Fox, &c. &c.

SELWYN ON THE FALL OF LORD NORTH.

George Selwyn said an excellent thing tother night Somebody at White's missing Keene and Williams, Lord North's confidants asked where they were? "Setting up

with the corpse, I suppose," said Selwyn. This was quite in character for him, who has been joked with for loving to see executions and dead bodies.

FOOTE.

If you satisfy me, I will tell you the following *bon mot* of Foote, but be sure you don't read what follows till you have obeyed my commands. Foote was at Paris in October, when Dr. Murray was, who admiring or dreading his wit (for commentators dispute on the true reading), often invited him to dinner with his nephew. The ambassador produced a very small bottle of Tokay, and dispensed it in very small glasses. The uncle, to prove how precious every drop, said it was of the most exquisite growth, and very old. Foote, taking up the diminutive glass, and examining it, replied, "it is very little of its age." Return me my story if you don't perform the conditions.

MASON.

When the M. de Bouille had retaken St. Eustatia, I said "Alas! I have lived to see the day when French *Bouillie* is better than English roast beef."

A BON MOT.

Last week, at Princess Amelia's (another of my courts in miniature), Lady Margaret Compton said she was as poor as Job. "I wonder," said Lady Barrymore, "why people only say *as poor as Job*, and never as rich, for in one part of his life he had great riches." "Yes," said I "Madam, but then they pronounce his name differently, and call him *Jobb*."

LADY CRAVEN'S COMEDY.

There has been such an uncommon event, that I must give you an account of it, as it relates to the Republic of poetry, of which you are president, and to the Aristocracy of noble authors, to whom I am gentleman usher. Lady Craven's comedy, called *The Miniature Picture*, which she acted herself with a genteel set at her own house in the country, has been played at Drury Lane. The chief singularity was that she went to it herself the second night, in form; sat in the middle of the front row of the stage box, much dressed, with a profusion of white bugles and plumes to receive the public homage due to her sex and loveliness. The Duchess of Richmond, Lady Harcourt, Lady Edgecumbe, Lady Ailesbury, Mrs. Damer, Lord Craven, General Conway, Colonel O'Hara, Mr. Lennox, and I were with her. It was amazing to see so young a woman entirely possess herself; but there is such an beauty and frankness in her consciousness of her own beauty and talents, that she speaks of them with a *naïveté* as if she had no property in them, but only wore them as gifts of the Gods. Lord Craven, on the contrary, was quite agitated by his fondness for her, and with impatience at the bad performance of the actors, which was wretched indeed, yet the address of the plot, which is the chief merit of the piece, and some lively pencilling, carried it off very well, though Parsons murdered the Scotch Lord, and Mrs. Robinson (who is supposed to be the favourite of the Prince of Wales) thought on nothing but her own charms, or him. There is a very good, though endless, prologue written by Sheridan, and spoken in perfection by King, which was encored (an entire novelty) the first night; and an epilogue that I liked still better, and which was full as well delivered by Mrs. Abington, written by Mr. Jekyll, the audience, though very civil, missed a fair opportunity of being gallant, for in one of those — logues, I forget which, the noble authoress was mentioned, and they did not applaud as they ought to have done exceedingly when she condescended to avow her pretty child, and was there looking so very pretty. I could not help thinking to myself how many deaths Lady Harcourt would have suffered rather than encounter such an exhibition. Yet Lady Craven's tranquillity had nothing displeasing, it was only the ease that conscious pre-eminence bestows on sovereigns, whether their empire consists in power or beauty. It was the descendant of Millmont and Lady Betty Modish and Indamore; and it was tempered by her infinite good nature, which made her make excuses for the actors, instead of being provoked at them.

CHARLES FOX AND HIS FRIENDS.

Other night, at Brooks', the conversation turned on Lord Falkland; Fitzpatrick said he was a very weak man, and owed his fame to Lord Clarendon's partiality. Charles Fox was sitting in a deep reverie, with his knife in his hand. "There," continued Fitzpatrick, "I might describe Charles meditating on his ruin of his country, ingeminating the words, peace! peace! and ready to plunge the knife in his own bosom." "Yes," rejoined Hare, in the same ironic dolorous tone, "and he would have done so, but happening to look on the handle of the knife, he saw it was silver, and put it in his pocket."

William Penn. An Historical Biography. With an extra chapter on the Macaulay Charges. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.

THE time has long gone by when there existed in the nation any large or important party disposed to remember with sorrow or with anger the Revolution of 1688, and to cast a slur on the chief personages who effected that important change in the History of England. Whether the execution of CHARLES I. was justifiable or not, is still a favourite theme of the debating societies. In spite of the vigorous attempts that have been made to clear and to glorify the memory of OLIVER CROMWELL, he is still, by many moderate persons, considered to have been a hypocrite and a tyrant. To a stirring party in the English Church of to-day Archbishop LAUD is a martyr and a canonized saint. But, except among professedly Roman Catholic historians, JAMES II. has no defenders, and his career no admirers. The Conservative, not less than the Liberal, agrees to repudiate him. The text-book of Modern Conservatism is BURKE's *Reflections on the French Revolution*. Yet, as all who have read that masterly work must remember, its main argument is ushered in by a glowing panegyric on the principles and the details of the Revolution of 1688, as a model of political innovation. And when a recent event threatened us for a moment with the faint shadow of the catastrophe in which JAMES II. sought to involve his country, it was by the representatives of the party which a century and a-half ago advocated the divine right of kings, and which looked with suspicion on the accession of a Dutch Calvinist to the throne of these realms, that what will be long remembered as the "Papal Aggression" was most indignantly and energetically met. We believe that it is to this all but unanimity in the public mind that is partly to be ascribed the complete and unquestioned success of Mr. MACAULAY'S *History of England*.

That vigorous and brilliant style, that page affluent in interesting detail respecting every sphere of English life, from the back stairs of the court to the garret of Grub-street and the peasant's hut, would have given to any work a certain degree of success. But the nearly universal approbation bestowed on the spirit and tendency of a history from the pen of a professed partisan, and dealing with a once fiercely-controverted period, is significant of great intellectual changes, and marks an era in the history of public opinion. Here and there a critic of the Dryasdust school carped at a statement or threw doubt upon a reference. But Mr. MACAULAY's leading views of events and characters—of the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and the Revolution; his portraits of CHARLES II., JAMES and WILLIAM of Orange, of HALIFAX, SOMERS, DRYDEN, BUNYAN, indeed of all the noted personages of the era, were, with one exception, allowed to pass unchallenged. The one exception was WILLIAM PENN. In the course of his researches, Mr. MACAULAY's suspicions respecting the Quaker Hero had no doubt been excited by the strange combination which one portion of his career presents,—the leader of a persecuted sect, and the favourite of a persecuting monarch, the denier of all external authority, political and religious, and the promoter of the designs of a kingly disciple of IGNATIUS LOYOLA! Yet, as PENN had united the suffrages of persons as opposite as the poles, since VOLTAIRE and CLARKSON, the French sceptics of the eighteenth century and the followers of GEORGE FOX had joined to do him honour, it was with unusual caution and diffidence that Mr. MACAULAY himself ventured to state the doubts which had been forced on him as to PENN's unqualified greatness. He gave him credit for some good qualities, but hinted an opinion that PENN was essentially a weak-minded, undiscerning, and pliable person, who allowed earnest convictions to be overpowered by the blandishments of a king, and was the

easy dupe of any knave. Besides this general criticism, Mr. MACAULAY brought against PENN specific accusations, charging him with acts, especially with one act, which would have disgraced a mere man of the world. At this unexpected assault on their hero and apostle, even that now phlegmatic body, the Society of Friends, was deeply agitated. An angry correspondence (in which Mr. MACAULAY took no part), ensued in the columns of some of our contemporaries. CLARKSON's dull and feeble, but honest and well-meaning, biography of PENN was forthwith reprinted, and simultaneously with it there appeared, in the form of a pamphlet, an answer to Mr. MACAULAY, from the pen of Mr. WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER, a Yorkshire manufacturer, and whose family has long taken high rank in the Society of Friends. It was, however, more to the specific charges than to Mr. MACAULAY's general view of PENN's character that Mr. FORSTER addressed himself in his brief reply, and Mr. DIXON's present volume is meant to be a full and ample refutation of both. In a copious biography of PENN, he ascribes to him a character which would have done honour to an ancient saint, while in a separate chapter at the close of the work he examines in detail the several acts of meanness and truckling imputed to the Quaker hero by the Whig historian.

Mr. DIXON is already favourably known to the philanthropic portion of the reading public, by a biography of the celebrated JOHN HOWARD, written in a style of great smartness and vivacity, although defaced by something of that hyperbole, exaggeration, and self-conceit which characterize, we fear, too many of our younger writers, among whom, in point of enterprise and talent, Mr. DIXON occupies an honourable place. But to write a biography of HOWARD is one thing, to write a life of PENN another. HOWARD's life, excellent and beneficent though it was, tasks the industry much more than the intellect of the narrator. It was spent exclusively in a simple and unintermitting round of prison-visiting, and did not intersect, so to speak, any of the great political or religious movements of his age. PENN's career, on the other hand, is intimately blended with the growth of that very curious phenomenon the Quakerism of the seventeenth century. He took at one time an active share in forwarding the designs of ALGERNON SIDNEY, and of what we should call the "liberal party" of that day. By a sudden transition, we find him next a favourite of JAMES II., and an important agent in the transactions which led in 1688 to a change in the dynasty occupying the British Throne. Further, his colonization of Pennsylvania, and the form of government which he bestowed upon that state, connect themselves with deep questions of political and social economy. Now, Mr. DIXON's, we freely confess, is a very lively and entertaining volume. It is entitled to a still higher praise; it displays much assiduous research in a variety of quarters, printed and manuscript, which has thrown light on many minute but interesting points in the history of the latter half of the seventeenth century. But, nevertheless, we cannot think that his delineation of PENN is a successful one. He wants the philosophic impartiality which is a primary duty in the biographer of such a man. In his zeal for the philanthropic and liberal notions current at the present day, Mr. DIXON has winked at faults in his hero which are flagrant as the sun at noon. From first to last, his biography is heated, it may be a sincere, panegyric,—nearly the worst form which biography can assume. What we require from the writer of a life of a person like PENN, prominently active in so interesting and complex a period, are discrimination, reflection, and sagacity. To measure swords with Mr. MACAULAY is a high attempt, and we could wish that Mr. DIXON had a better cause to defend, and greater skill at his weapon. A careful perusal of his book has convinced us that, although Mr. MACAULAY

may have made a slip or two, if the brilliant historian has erred in his estimate of PENN, it is in rating him too highly rather than the reverse.

PENN's father was a jovial, ambitious, and unprincipled sailor "of fortune," who was made an Admiral under the Commonwealth, in which position he intrigued during many years to effect the restoration of the STUARTS, while receiving the pay of the Protector CROMWELL. When CHARLES II. was restored, he did not forget the former good offices of the Admiral, who was taken into especial favour by the Duke of YORK, afterwards JAMES II., and while retaining the large estates in Ireland, bestowed on him by the Commonwealth, received places and pensions from the new powers at Whitehall, and began to dream of leaving a peerage to his eldest son WILLIAM, the future leader of the Quakers! WILLIAM was a youth of sixteen when the Restoration arrived, and was forthwith despatched to Oxford with good gifts and scholarship, and a handsome person to enter life, as his father thought, under the happiest auspices. A portrait of him taken when a young man, and prefixed to the present work, gives us an idea of mingled vehemence and weakness, and his first adventure at Oxford confirms the opinion. With the new regime the old controversies were reawakened in the University. PENN took the Puritan side—but let Mr. DIXON tell in his own words his hero's first scrape :

While the quarrel of Cavalier and Puritan was raging at Oxford, an obscure person named Thomas Loe—a layman of the city—began to preach the new doctrine taught by George Fox. The neglect of forms and ceremonies in the new ritual attracted the attention of Penn and others, who, like him, were in a state of revolt at the threatened restoration of popish usages, and going to hear the preaching of this strange word, they were excited and interested, and returned again and again. Their absence from their own services was noticed; the superiors were alarmed; and the young non-conformists were all brought up and fined for the irregularity. This indignity drove them into open rebellion. They banded themselves together to oppose the orders of the court by force. The youngsters paraded the streets in a threatening manner. They not only refused to wear the gown themselves, but they declared war against all who did; and in the public promenades, in the gardens of Christ Church, in the quadrangles of the colleges, they set upon and tore away the hated vestments from the more courtly or timid students. In these outrages Penn's English spirit was conspicuous; and, as an immediate consequence, he was brought up for judgment, and expelled the university.

"English spirit" is a fine phrase, but let the reader mark the sequel. The wily old Admiral sent off the young rebel to make the "grand tour," and when he returned in 1664, the Puritan had entirely disappeared in the dandy, so much so as to provoke the wonderment of Mr. PEPPYS himself, who has carefully recorded in his diary the impression made upon him by the "French garb," and "affected speech and gait" of young Mr. PENN. But the Admiral's troubles with his son were not over. With the great Plague of 1665, PENN relapsed into austerity and gloom. Change of air was tried again; there were the Irish estates to look after, and the veteran Duke of ORMONDE upheld at Dublin a viceregal court, "renowned as one of the most refined and cultivated in Europe." PENN, as usual, took his colouring from the element he was in, and incited by the Duke of ORMONDE's gallant sons, and an accidental passage at arms, resolved to be a soldier. By chance, however, the author of his first misfortune, the Quaker Loe, was preaching at Cork, when PENN paid a visit to that city. He was struck once more by the doctrine, and returned again and again. The Admiral heard the news with dismay, and recalled his son, who refused to uncover before his father, and avowed himself a Quaker. What followed is briefly expressed in a pithy line of Mr. DIXON's: "The indignant Admiral turned him out of doors."

PENN's heroism in risking his worldly prospects to join an uncouth and reviled sect has

been greatly extolled, perhaps with much less reason than is generally supposed. In the first place, it turns out that he did not lose by it, for he played his cards so well that when his father died three years afterwards a complete reconciliation had taken place, and the young Quaker of twenty-six found himself heir to a handsome fortune and to a claim against the State for 15,000*l.*, which he afterwards turned to good account. When SHELLEY, a mere stripling, avowed Atheism at Oxford, he was punished by outlawry from society, and had to take refuge in a foreign land. Nothing of this kind befel PENN. Two imprisonments, neither of them very painful, and both in the early part of his career, was the sole penalty that he paid. He did not lose caste. The Duke of YORK continued to be his protector, and when the Duke expanded into a King, PENN became his favourite. Throughout life, we find the Quaker hero in close contact and intimacy with powerful men of the world, courtiers, officials, heads of parties. It may be said that there is a great difference between Atheism and Quakerism, and that it is natural that the former should be punished more flagrantly than the latter. This is true, but it is not less true that there is a great difference between the seventeenth century and the nineteenth, and we are not sure whether early aggressive Quakerism (aggressive politically as well as theologically), was not in itself as offensive to the men of those days as SHELLEY's speculative atheism is in ours. Listen to Mr. DIXON's synopsis of the Quaker doctrine :

Quakerism was a system of polity as well as a religion. It taught the equality of men in their political relations,—their common right to liberty of thought and action—to express opinions—to worship God—to concur in the enactment of general laws; but it found the sanctions of this equality, not in the usages of ancient nations, like the classic republicans, not in a mere convenient arrangement of checks and counter-checks of power, like more modern reformers; it found these sanctions lying far deeper, in the very nature of man, in that supremacy which it assigned to the divine light in each separate individual. Above all things, this system was logical. It regarded every man's inward light—reason, conscience, or by whatever name it might be called—as his best and safest guide; the theory, therefore, of a perfect enfranchisement of mind and body, of thought and action, was the basis of the sect founded by George Fox. To a man who had once mastered and accepted a great idea like his, all minor matters—the refusal to doff the hat, to bend the knee, to receive or bestow titles of honour—followed of course. The quaker was a perfect democrat, and men were all his peers. He admitted no superior, and he could pay no homage. The distinctions of prince and people, laity and clergy were unknown to him; the light of God was the same in all. He felt that the deference paid to worldly rank was something more than a form. It involved the idea of a superiority which he denied; it was therefore a question of conscience not to comply with it.

And all this was openly preached in the age of Sir ROBERT FILMER!

Shortly after his father's death, PENN married. Mr. DIXON is the first of his biographers who has given any information respecting the lady of PENN's choice. We extract a passage descriptive of her and her home, partly for the sake of the well-known persons it alludes to, and partly as a specimen of Mr. DIXON's sentimental writing. Few of our readers need to be told that ELLWOOD read the classics to MILTON in his blindness, or to be reminded of the interesting account of their intimacy which the Quaker's autobiography contains. Mr. DIXON's highly-coloured description of the honest ELLWOOD's love-emotions will make those smile who remember the worthy man's prosaic character.

Gulielma Maria, daughter of Sir William Springett, of Darling in Sussex, one of the leaders of the Parliamentary forces during the first years of the civil war, was residing with her mother at the rustic village of Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, when her future husband first saw her. She was the delight of a small but distinguished circle, including no less a person than John Milton, Thomas Ellwood, his friend and pupil, and the famous Isaac Pennington. To Pennington,

Guli's father-in-law, Ellwood had owed his introduction to his great master, of whose urbane and gentle manners he has left so touching an account; and when the ravages of the plague made it necessary for the noble bard to quit his house in London for a time, he naturally went down to Chalfont with his pupil, knowing that friends were to be found there who shared his opinions and revered his genius. Rarely is a small and unpretending village honoured with such a company as Chalfont boasted in those days. The Penningtons occupied the Grange, which they had rebuilt and beautified; Milton lived in a neat little cottage at a short distance; and Ellwood had a house about midway between the residences of his friends, at one or other of which he spent nearly the whole of his time. Guli Springett he had known from childhood; he had been one of her little playfellows in the hop-gardens of Kent, in which county her property lay, and his family resided; and as he had grown up to manhood, had become deeply sensible of the charms of the young beauty with whom he lived on such perilous terms of familiarity. How far he was in mortal love with her he dared not ask himself, much less avow to her, lest he might break the spell which had bound them together from their common childhood. To be near her, to hear her laugh, to watch her form expand, her soft and lovely features day by day ripen like a peach into more delicate perfection,—this made him happy; while from his confessions it is clear that in his secret soul he always felt that she was above his reach, and never could become his wife.

Guli was fond of music. Music was Milton's second passion. In the cottage of the poet, in the Grange of the philosopher, how one can fancy the hours flying past, between psalms of love, high converse from the lips of the inspired bard, old stories of the Revolution, in which the elder people had each had a prominent share, and probably the recitation of favourite passages from that stupendous work which was to crown the blind and aged poet, and become one of the grandest heir-looms of mankind! It was to these favoured friends that Milton first made known that he had been engaged in writing *Paradise Lost*, and it was also in their society that Ellwood suggested to him the theme of his *Paradise Regained*. Immortal Chalfont!

In 1670, the year of his marriage, PENN was twenty-six years of age, rich, well-born, well-read, fluent with his tongue and pen, conversant with the best society, and—a Quaker! He was precisely the man whom the Quakers wanted, energetic, ambitious, and a friend at Court. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that such a leadership as PENN soon attained over the Society of Friends was exactly suited to him. Purely political agitation was unknown in those days. There existed, indeed, a small knot of classical Republicans, headed by ALGERNON SYDNEY, whose great aspiration it was to make England a democratic commonwealth like Rome or Athens of yore. But these high-flown ideas exerted little influence over the bulk of the people, whose question of a public man continued to be: "Are you a Papist or a Protestant," and if a Protestant: "Are you a Calvinist or an Arminian, a Church of England man or a Quaker?" PENN became what we would call an "Agitator," the public and unpaid advocate of a doctrine which was at once political and religious, and for ten years he led in this capacity a life more congenial to a man of his pushing and combative turn than he could have led in any other way. The profligate Duke of BUCKINGHAM himself sought to obtain influence by representing the wishes of the general Dissenting body. The Quakers were beginning to lose their early turbulence, as persons of substance and standing joined their ranks, and by adroitness and dexterity PENN managed, in time, to gain some influence as their head. It is to this that is probably to be attributed the fact to which we have already adverted, the intimacy between PENN and the dissolute intriguers of the courts of CHARLES and of JAMES. PENN's sincerity they possibly doubted, but they looked upon him with a certain admiration as a clever man who had made something of a very unpromising sect, and they paid him that attention which a Liberal Minister of the present day might pay to a successful and a wily agitator. Indeed, there was much in PENN's conduct to warrant the belief, that if a Quaker at all he was only so intellectually. He never adopted in their

integrity the crotchetts of his sect. He wrote an angry pamphlet against one of the society, who had maintained that the hat should not be removed even when worshipping God. When a Quaker deputation waited on JAMES II., PENN persuaded them to submit to the heterodox sacrifice of uncovering. It does not appear that he himself ever wore any other garb than that generally adopted by the gallants and gentlemen of the court. The account which Mr. DIXON gives of his style of living suits anybody but a Quaker. Of their doctrines, however, he was an unweared preacher, being, as BURNET has observed, very fond of the sound of his own voice. From 1670 to 1680, he was for ever on the wing, preaching, pamphleteering, disputing, and refuting. So well had he paid his court to the Society of Friends on the one hand, and to CHARLES II. on the other, that in 1680 he found little difficulty in persuading the Merry Monarch to make him over the famed State of Pennsylvania (in area nearly equal to the whole of England), in liquidation of the old claim of 15,000*l.*, and with quite as little difficulty he induced large numbers of Quakers to colonize it. The colonization of Pennsylvania is the great event of PENN's life, and Mr. DIXON delights to call it "the Holy Experiment." For our own part, we see nothing in the scheme to lift it out of the class of mere business-speculations, or to entitle it to be called "heroic." Mr. DIXON is obliged to grant that the proprietors of other American settlements had conceded very liberal constitutions, from the prudential motive of inducing colonists to resort to them. PENN's liberal constitution was carefully framed so as to secure, if possible, a perpetual pre-eminence to himself and his heirs, and a considerable profit if the enterprise succeeded. Nor can Mr. DIXON assign any better reason for disbelieving that PENN was partly actuated by a hope of profit than a vague reference to the "Penn-Gaskell MSS." Pennsylvania had been partly colonized before, and there were no perils to face, such as those which menaced the early Puritan settlers of New England. However, here is Mr. DIXON's lively and graphic description of PENN's landing in the newly-founded colony:

On the 27th of October (1682), nine weeks after the departure from Deal, *The Welcome* moored off Newcastle, in the territories lately ceded by the Duke of York, and William Penn first set foot in the New World. His landing made a general holiday in the town; young and old, Welch, Dutch, English, Swedes, and Germans, crowded down to the landing place, each eager to catch a glimpse of the great man who had come amongst them less as their lord and governor than as their friend. American history affords no finer subject for a great national cartoon than this scene presents. In the centre of the foreground, only distinguished from the few companions of his voyage who have yet landed, by the nobleness of his mien, and a light blue silken sash tied round his waist, stands William Penn; erect in stature, every motion indicating courtly grace, his countenance lighted up with hope and honest pride,—in every limb and feature the expression of a serene and manly beauty. The young officer before him, dressed in the gay costume of the English service, is his lieutenant, Markham, come to welcome his relative to the new land, and to give an account of his own stewardship. On the right stands the chief settlers of the district, arrayed in their national costumes, the light hair and quick eye of the Swede finding a good foil in the stolid look of the heavy Dutchman, who doffs his cap, but doubts whether he shall take the pipe out of his mouth, even to say "welcome" to the new governor. A little apart, as if studying with the intense eagerness of Indian skill the physiognomy of the ruler who has come with his children to occupy their hunting-grounds, stands the wise and noble leader of the Red Men, Taminent, and a party of the Lenni Lenape in their picturesque paints and costume. Behind the central figure are grouped the principal companions of his voyage; and on the dancing waters of the Delaware rides the stately ship, while between her and the shore a multitude of light canoes dart to and fro, bringing the passengers and merchandise to land. Part of the background shows an irregular line of streets and houses, the latter with the pointed roofs and fantastic gables, which still delight the artist's eye in the streets of Leyden or Rotterdam;

and further on the view is lost in one of those grand old pine and cedar forests which belong essentially to an American scene. There are many fine elements for the artist's purposes in such a theme; beauty, novelty, variety, and historic interest; land, wood, water; motion, life, repose; national and personal characteristics; nature in its most picturesque forms; civilization in its highest expression, are all grouped, compared, and contrasted in this striking scene.

With reference to the young officer in the gay costume of the English service, we must not omit to mention, as a further proof of his disregard for Quaker formulas, that when his colony was menaced by a foreign attack, PENN was alert in ordering military preparations.

On PENN's return to England in 1684, began that intimate and very questionable connexion with JAMES II., which provoked the quiet scorn of MR. MACAULAY. PENN was now daily at Court, the two extremes of religion, the Papist and the Quaker, fraternized. His influence with JAMES was extraordinary, and in return he acted as go-between to that infatuated monarch in more than one delicate affair. Now, we will freely grant that so far as regards the celebrated matter of the Maids of Taunton, Mr. DIXON following (but, as our able contemporary *The Examiner* has remarked, without acknowledging), the indications given by Mr. WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER, has entitled PENN to receive a verdict of "not proven." But of his shameless subserviency to JAMES there is not a doubt; the very intimacy is a disgrace to him who had called ALGERNON SYDNEY friend. Mr. DIXON tries faintly to say a good word for JAMES, and asserts that he was really a friend to toleration. The persecutor of the Covenanters, the prosecutor of the Seven Bishops, a friend to toleration! PENN in his cunning overreached himself, and has indelibly stained his own memory. Better far had he thrown in his lot with the general mass of English dissent which spurned JAMES's show of spurious toleration; nor would there in that case have rested on the name of Quaker an approbrium which it required a century to wipe away.

PENN's court life was of short duration; it expired with the Revolution of 1688, and a nemesis seems ever afterwards to have dogged the footsteps of his declining years. With the accession of WILLIAM OF ORANGE his troubles burst upon him. His colonists, in spite of the fine democratic constitution so much admired by Mr. DIXON, tried to disown his authority and to refuse him his legal revenue,—worthy ancestors of the Pennsylvanian repudiators of our day! His favourite son, whom he sent as his deputy to Pennsylvania, turned out a blackguard, and further embittered the old age of his too indulgent father. A worthless agent to whom all his affairs had been entrusted embezzled his funds, falsified his accounts, had the effrontery to pretend to be a creditor where he was in reality a debtor, and the founder of Pennsylvania narrowly escaped a lingering death in a debtor's gaol. After an old age, full of anxieties and sorrows, WILLIAM PENN died in the summer of 1718, aged seventy-four, and our closing extract is the closing passage of Mr. DIXON's book:

William Penn was buried at the picturesque and secluded village of Jordans, in Buckinghamshire, on the 5th of August, 1718, by the side of Gulie, his most beloved wife. A great concourse of people followed the bier from Ruscombe to the grave-yard, consisting of the most eminent members of the Society of Friends, come from all parts of the country, and the distinguished of every Christian denomination in the more immediate neighbourhood. When the coffin was lowered into the grave a solemn praise of religious silence ensued; after which the old and intimate friends of the dead spoke a few fitting words to the assembly; and the people dispersed to their several homes subdued and chastened with the thought, that a good and great man had that day disappeared from the face of the earth.

Mrs. Adam Clarke; her Character and Correspondence.
London: Partridge and Oakey, pp. 244.

A SHORT memoir, interspersed with some interesting

correspondence of WESLEY and others, of the wife of the famous ADAM CLARKE. It will doubtless be read with considerable interest by Wesleyans, of whose early history it gives many curious particulars. But it has little to recommend it to the general public.

The Life, Times and Correspondence of the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D. By the Rev. Thomas Milner Miles.

London: Richardson, pp. 734.

As this work was published so long ago as the year 1845, and not then sent for review, we cannot now give to it the lengthened notice which its subject would have demanded had it been a new book. As it is, we can only say of it that it is well written, that it collects all the facts of his history, and a great deal of the correspondence of Dr. WATTS, who will live longer in his Hymns than in any other of his works.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels in the United States, &c., during 1849 and 1850. By the Lady EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY. London: Bentley.

LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY is an enterprising traveller—manifestly a lady blessed with good health, endowed with a high spirit, and having an intellect of some power and originality, only wanting in discipline. She went to America with her mind open to receive impressions from things as she might find them, without previous prejudice, and she has certainly taken as true a picture, and formed as impartial a judgment of men and manners, as any traveller of modern times. Her fault lies in her language. She has a most unskillful method of expressing herself. She writes carelessly, pouring out her words as they come, without the slightest regard to precision or elegance, and not always respecting the rules of her mother tongue. There is pith and substance in her narrative, but often it is so overlaid with verbiage that the sense is lost in the sound. True, she tells us in her preface that she did not write for the press, but only for the amusement of her distant friends. This explanation, however, only serves to make more manifest the intellectual defects that could indulge in such a wilderness of words, without discovering its impropriety, and correcting it by careful revision.

Her tour was extensive. Landing at New York, she visited the Falls, taking Boston on her return. Thence she went to Philadelphia, Washington, and Louisville, descending the Mississippi to New Orleans and Mobile. Here she embarked in a steamer for Vera Cruz. Having hastily inspected that place, she went to Mexico and returned, then sailed for Havana, then visited Panama, penetrated to Lima, and thence returned to Jamaica.

The materials afforded by so extensive a tour were ample, but no sufficient provision was made for their preservation. It appears that Lady WORTLEY made no notes at the time; she did not even keep a journal. Her observations were narrated in letters to her friends, and the substance of them, with additions, constitute the contents of this volume. Hence, probably, the somewhat superficial character of the narrative, which, without being accurate in detail, is extremely diffusive.

Upon the whole, she is pleased with America and the Americans. She found them obliging and polite, and did not witness many of the vulgarities of which other tourists have spoken. But then it is probable that she did not mingle much with ordinary society; a lady of her rank was sure of a hearty welcome by the best classes, who venerate title and aristocracy far more than we do, probably on account of its rarity. It is strange, but true as strange, that there are no such tuff hunters as democrats. Thus she speaks of

AMERICAN MANNERS.

I like the Americans more and more; either they have improved wonderfully lately, or else the criticisms on them have been cruelly exaggerated. They are particularly courteous and obliging; and seem, I think, amiably anxious that foreigners should carry away a favourable impression of them. As for me, let other

travellers say what they please of them, I am determined not to be prejudiced, but to judge of them exactly as I find them; and I shall most pertinaciously continue to praise them (if I see no good cause to alter my present humble opinion), and most especially for their obliging civility and hospitable attention to strangers, of which I have already seen several instances.

I have witnessed but very few isolated cases, as yet, of the unrefined habits so usually ascribed to them; and those cases decidedly were not among the higher orders of people: for there seems just as much difference in America as anywhere else in some respects. The superior classes here have almost always excellent manners, and a great deal of real and natural as well as acquired refinement, and are often besides (which perhaps will not be believed in fastidious England) extremely distinguished-looking. By the way, the captains of the steam-boats appear a remarkably gentlemanlike race of men in general, particularly courteous in their deportment, and very considerate and obliging to the passengers.

The steamer in which she descended the Mississippi, contained a great variety of characters which she amused herself with studying. Among them was

A YANKEE FAMILY.

Some were from the heart of old Kentucky, and none of them were emigrants; they all comported themselves very quietly and well, except one family of children, belonging to some hard-working backwoodsman, to judge from appearances. They were fully spoilt, and led their parents miserable lives; scratching and beating their mother, and boxing the ears and kicking the shins of their (little) respected papa, and knocking cruelly about the only person in the family who had the sense to control the imps a little, in the shape of a gaunt tall grandmamma, resembling a retired grenadier, "in" a turban, with a short pipe—the last evidently the consolation of her soul, and the former ingeniously constructed of some light-coloured handkerchief, or handkerchiefs, and apparently built upon her head by her own hands, in a fantastic fashion, having a little appearance of a fortification for defensive purposes, which was rendered necessary by the violent attacks of the undutiful brats before alluded to. Had it not been erected with considerable engineering skill, this poor rustic Cybele with her tower-like turban would have been left defenceless and bareheaded by these little furies. She was wont to confide to me her troubles on this head—enough to have turned her head and turban too, besides other subjects that "worried" her "pretty considerable." We were great "friends together," and she was quite benignant and patronizing in her manner towards me. Sometimes (smoking her short pipe the while) marching up to me and laying her huge heavy hand on my shoulder, she would exclaim, "Wal, them children of ours are bad children—mighty bad, mighty bad; it wears and worrits a body, I guess, properly: and, my! I feel so skeary-like too, for I've never been aboard one of these steaming boats, nor never seen one afore." This surprised me "considerable," for I should have thought no one could live in the States without seeing them. This I expressed. "No, I haint; where I live to home, these don't come, none on 'em; and they're mighty queer boats, I guess, and I don't like them, and feel proper skeary, too, aboard on 'em." Then she pensively puffed away at the short pipe, till the roaring of some of those young rebels demanded her presence as "head pacificator;" when, telling me (to console me for her temporary absence) she should soon be back, she, and pipe, and turban, would vanish for a while in the distance. For the benefit of those who like to study various fashions of dress, I may as well remark that the attire of this worthy dame altogether was a costume somewhat resembling the war-dress of Abd-el-Kader, engrafted on the pacific garments of a Dutch skipper's wife; but no description can do it justice. I took quite a liking to the worthy soul, and pitied her much for being, as she was alternately, a sufferer from "skearyness," and from the kicks and cuffs of those insubordinate grandchildren of hers. But occasionally she would make a dash at them, like a charge of Napoleon's Old Guard, and retire, crowned with victory, to smoke the short pipe of peace. On one particular day several pitched battles were obstinately fought, besides numerous slight skirmishes. The intrepidity of grandmamma, the Invincible, and her desperate charges, ultimately won, however, the field, and decided the war in favour of the party of order; but the squalling, kicking, biting, and scratching, were alarmingly vehement.

Another favourable specimen of her power of depicting character, is this sketch of

A HOTEL KEEPER AT VERA CRUZ.

The housekeeper is a German, and she, on the contrary, appears to be more intensified in her nationality by the process of transplantation. She seemed perpe-

tually in a high state of saur kraut, and utterly Teutonic. She was very kind and good-natured indeed to us, although frequently she had declined altogether, we were told, the felicity of lodging ladies in the hotel.

She explained to me, in a remarkably intelligible mixture of Mexican-Spanish, English, French, German, Indian, Scotch, and anything else that came into her head, leaving it to me to unravel them, her reasons for this occasional indisposition on her part to receive guests of her own sex.

"Mexican ladies mit ther airs muy desagradables. Von Senora, wife of a general, come here, sehr cross, sulky. No canny, I tink, head. Gone, loco. Order comida for she and de general, husband. My buena it was; I help cook it. Todos good, when she see it, no taste it, take it all todos up, and trose it all at cook's cabeza! There, wat you tink o' dat? The Senora got no comida, nein,—soup, frijoles, chickens, todos she trowed in cook's cara, mit her zwei hands! And O ciel! dere was dinner, dishes, and todos on floor. De general, husband, poor man (the blind) hear noise—came to mich, say 'Muy schlecht, me can't help, he a'most cry, pobrecito! lose him dinner, too. Hoot awa, a bonny Senora, dat, madame.'"

But, if her languages were wonderful, so were her gesticulations. Impressive indeed they were. While her voice was pitched an unusual height to suit and make up for the babel of languages in which she was constrained to utter her sentiments, she spoke with great rapidity. Suddenly she changed the scene from Mexico to Hanover, where it appeared she had been house-keeper to a gentleman who was an acquaintance of our late kind Duke of Cambridge.

"The English Herzog Cambridge," she exclaimed, "wat von good prince dat! Come von day, all out, tous, Madame, come to mich, Cambridge did"—(I think the good frau did not intend any disrespect to the royal duke by thus familiarly speaking of him, but, not knowing what Herzog was in English, when she did not use the German word she was quite in fault.) "Well, Cambridge say, tell de family I comes, eh? Ha, ha! he laugh, sehr. Good nature prince,—oui, madame, ja, always smile and laugh. O! how unlike cross lady mit general husband."

She then proceeded to tell some wonderful stories about the Herzog, and cows and fresh milk, and a party and a country house, *hacienda*, but the extraordinary patchwork of languages defied all comprehension,—patchwork?—nay, it was more like silks of mixed colours: German shot with French, and that shot over again with English, and crossed with Spanish. She seized my hand every now and then, as if about to give me a lift to assist the understanding, but I was in a hopeless state. There was a whirl of *haciendas* and Hanoverians, and generals, and chickens, and herzogs, and cows, &c., in one's brain; a human windmill, a living telegraph, making signs at the rate of a million a minute before me—and all was confusion and mental darkness. She continued, however, fast and furious; and the chief actor in this scene was evidently perfectly satisfied; she was exceedingly diverted, and intensely interested by her own tale. Now she seemed almost on the point of cheering herself with hearty bravos, and now she successfully melted herself almost to tears, speaking in the most pathetic accents, with clasped and wrung hands. We, not having the most remote notion at this juncture what particular form of human grief she was representing, were at a loss to console her.

General TAYLOR invited her to pay a visit to his estate, and we have this amusing account of

A PLANTATION.

The late President's son was there, and received us with the kindest hospitality. The slaves were mustered and marshalled for us to see; cotton was picked from the few plants that had survived the late terrible overflowing of the Mississippi; and the interior of one of the slaves' houses was exhibited to us. As to the slaves themselves, they were as well fed, comfortably clothed, and kindly cared for in every way as possible, and seemed thoroughly happy and contented. The dwelling-house we went to look at was extremely nice: it was a most tastefully decorated and an excellently furnished one, the walls were covered with prints, and it was scrupulously clean and neat.

V—expressed a great wish to see some of the small sable fry; and a whole regiment of a little robust, rotund, black babies were forthwith paraded for her especial amusement: it was a very orderly little assemblage, and it cannot be imagined how nice and clean they all looked. Such a congregation of little smiling, goodnatured, raven roly-polies, I never saw collected together before. One perfect duck of a child was only about three weeks old, but it comported itself quite as orderly a manner as the rest, as if it had been used to give parties and assemblies, and receive any quantity of company from every nation on earth all its days or rather hours. It was as black as a little image carved

in polished ebony, and as a plump as partridge (in mourning.) These pitchy-coloured piccaninnies differed from white children in one essential particular, for they were all perfectly quiet and silent; all wide awake, but all still and smiling.

After the main body had departed, a small straggler was brought in (whose mother, perhaps, had lavished additional cares upon its toilette); and it alone, apparently alarmed at finding itself thus unsupported and insulated, testified its disapprobation at the presence of English visitors by a very mild squall. We saw an older child afterwards, who was very nearly white, with lovely features and fair hair; the mother was a Mulatto, and the father almost white.

V—was highly delighted with the whole company of little inky imps from first to last, nursing and fondling them in high glee; and it may be readily conceived that the mothers stood by equally enchanted at having their little darkies so appreciated,—and not a little proud; showing their splendid glittering teeth almost from ear to ear.

All the slaves were evidently taken the kindest care of on General Taylor's plantation. Men, women and children, all appeared to adore Mr. Taylor; who seemed extremely kind to them, and affable with them.

Here is a street picture:

THE SHOPS IN MEXICO.

What is there not to be found here? Look round; here are sombreros, mantillas, reboses, satins, silks, silver, gold, china, pictures, mats, and twenty thousand things besides, all close at hand; and just look at those splendidly embroidered cloth-mangos for gentlemen, with a circular piece of coloured velvet in the middle to act as a sort of masculine necklace. Here are wax figures, most elaborately and exquisitely finished, faithful representations of every class in Mexico, a perfect population in themselves, and, it is asserted, not given to the melting mood, which you would have suspected. Here are spurs, like merely moderately-sized windmills! that weigh, some of them, a pound and a half, and the rowels of which clatter along the pavement, when the wearer happens to walk, like a travelling tinker's store on an uproarious and kicking donkey. And here are gold and silver ornaments in lace, and aerial bounces and fur-buckles, and artificial flowers, which it is said, but I cannot corroborate the assertion by having witnessed anything of the sort, are made by men; and that you may there see a whole regiment of stout active Mexicans, who ought to be quarrying stone, or working in the mines, or mending their abominable roads (which must destroy a large proportion of ill-starred travellers annually, we should think), with enormous mustachios, and desperate looking *cuchillos* at hand, actually employed in mincingly manipulating delicate decorations for ladies' dresses, trimming fairy caps, and artistically twisting and pinning bows of ribbon.

Would the reader like to give 200 dollars for a cheap pair of Guadalaxara stamped leather boots, wrought all over with silver? And a saddle for about double that trifling sum. Would he admire more those *lassos* or *sarapes*, or beautiful Mexican hats, with their tassels and broad rolls of shining silver, fastened with little lions, serpents, and other devices? Or has he any fancy to pay away a small fortune for a complete set of horse furniture, and a full riding dress of the country to match? It is a most beautiful costume altogether; and one cannot help hoping that the Mexican *caballeros* will not give up their magnificent and appropriate costume, and splendid horse equipments, to adopt the ugly fashions of Europe.

Let us now take a hasty peep at

LIFE AT HAVANA.

Of course, in the heat of the day, no one thinks of stirring out who can help it. But when it begins to be cool, the city seems almost to shake with an earthquake of carriages, going in different directions, whose fair occupants are visit-paying, shopping, and so forth, usually ending with the *paseo*; and beautiful and fairy-like these carriages mostly are. They are called *rolantes*, and are generally drawn by mules, driven by a postilion in some splendid livery. We went out the other day, and I went a little way into the country—a very pretty drive indeed. It was along a broad smooth road (what a luxury to us after the road to Mexico!) bordered with a lovely hedge of roses and flowering pomegranates in their greatest beauty. We then went to the *paseo*, where carriages, multitudinous as mosquitoes in Havana, swarmed in double lines, and all seemed like a fairy tale in action. Those graceful aerial-looking, gaily-painted, open *rolantes*, like cars fitted for Queen Mab, and the ethereal-seeming beings within, crowned with flowers, with no other covering on their gracious heads than these delicate blossoms, and their own massive braids of superb black hair, for very seldom did they even wear the mantilla; and when they did, its exquisitely-disposed folds seemed little else

than the light shadow cast by those abundant waves of silky sable locks—all was enchantment. How gracefully waved their fans, with which they fluttered light pretty salutations to each other; those glistening feathered fans, like the wings of sylphides; and their dresses! surely Arachne herself must have spun them, and Iris coloured them. I will try and paint, in words, three of these fairy daughters of Cuba, as they recline in their luxurious *volantes*. One is in a dress of the most sky-like azure; another in a diaphanous dreamy sort of robe, of the most gossamer texture, and of the softest yet brightest tint of rose colour; and the third (who sits forward in the middle) is in spotless lily white, and these dresses float light and full as very clouds about them. They are all *décolletées*, and with very short sleeves, and are all snow-pale with statuesque features and magnificent hair. There seem to be hundreds and thousands of these carriages, with equally fair and fairy-like *damosels* within, and clad in every hue of the rainbow, lilac, emerald green, the faintest strawy yellow (that admirably suits with their generally jet black locks), and various delicate tints and shades of all colours. The carriages themselves look like enormous butterflies glittering in the rays of the descending sun, with their innumerable bright varied colours. Then, how beautiful are the long double rows of trees on either side of the *paseo*, and the flowers, and the exquisite sky above, and the splendid fountains, falling into sculptured marble basins; and how charming is the delicious temperature, and the soft breeze from the neighbouring sea. You do not see here, as in Mexico, hundreds of superbly-mounted *caballeros*, making their steeds champ and prance, and *carcolear*, till their weighty silver ornaments flash like lightning on the eye. Here the gentlemen are generally pedestrian promenaders, if they are not loungers, stretched out in their luxurious *volantes* themselves. They walk leisurely and gently along, smoking the fragrant weed, and gazing at the fair Habaneras who are passing in their fairy coracles on wheels; and they tell me it is the fashion here, when a gallant senor sees some particularly lovely young dona, for him to exclaim, "How beautiful—how lovely!" and for her to reply, with a slight gracious inclination of her little stag-like head, "Gracias, caballero." I was not a little surprised, at first, at the answer the ladies made to the universally-employed salutation, "A los pies de V. señorita!" "Besos los manos de V. caballero!" ("I am at your feet, madam!" "I kiss your hands, sir!") But the dignified gentleness with which they say it, seemed to take off from the too great condescension apparently expressed. It was as superbly gracious as the bending of a crowned head in acknowledgment of a subject's homage.

We will conclude with an enthusiastic, but not extravagant, description of the

SCENERY OF MEXICO.

As to the extreme natural beauty we beheld during the almost magical journey from Vera Cruz to the capital, no words, I feel, can adequately describe it. We passed through every variety of climate, each with its own peculiar productions, with splendid snow-topped mountains crowning the scene, themselves crowned with the gorgeous magnificence of the resplendent tropical heavens. Such mornings! such sunrises! heaven and earth seem'd meeting, as it were, and mingling in glory without end. Such nights! heaving and blazing with stars. Those glorious masses of stars seemed almost coming down on our little world: nearer and nearer they seemed to shine, as if drooping under the weight of their immense glory and majesty, and sinking towards us! You know what the Neapolitan ambassador said to George the Second: that the moon of the king, his master, was far better than his majesty's sun. I wished he had seen the stars of Mexico, which I think are not very unlike Italian moons; and her moons like great white suns, and her suns like the skies on fire. Certainly the heavens in the tropics are marvellously glorious—but earth is so beautiful here, too.

One morning, at sunrise, coming from Puebla, we saw the great mountain Orizaba, reflecting the light of the rising luminary, and looking as if it was literally made partly of gold and partly of fire, so gloriously was it beaming back those dazzling splendours from its huge crest of glittering snow. Between Jalapa and Perote, and still more between Vera Cruz and Jalapa, the astonishing prodigality and unutterable magnificence of the tropical vegetation is perfectly overpowering! I could not have believed without beholding it, that such a Paradise remained to this world! Such colours—such blooms—such forests of flowers! Such inconceivable luxuriance of foliage and fruit! You cannot for a moment "begin to imagine" the glories of these scenes—their inexhaustible variety—their indescribable exuberance—their extraordinary and matchless brilliancy of colouring!

Nature seems like a perpetual miracle there. It made us think of the sumptuous sultana in the

"Arabian Nights'" tales, who changed her regal dress twelve times a day. Just try to fancy in those marvellous regions endlessly-spreading colossal bowers, under a green overhanging firmament of towering trees—and such bowers, too. Myriads of flowers, of a hundred colours, crowding coronal upon coronal; and these again intertwined and overtwinced, and round and through, and sub and supertwined with others, and others still. It seemed as if there was really going to be a flood of flowers, and this was the first flow of the dazzling deluge; a gorgeous deluge, indeed, that would be—it own rainbow. There were innumerable roses, interwreathed with convolvulus, flowering myrtles, aloes, cherimoyas, floripundias (a magnificent sculpture-like bell-shaped flower), the verdant liquidambar, jessamines, and others, with creepers and parasitical plants, festooning and trailing themselves about with the wildest luxuriance, so that often the coiled and heaped-together boughs and branches appear to bear hundreds of different sorts of leaves and flowers at once.

One of the most magnificent flowers I ever saw grows on a tree of considerable dimensions (if, indeed, it is not a parasitical plant), and looks, with its multitudinous clusters of large, gorgeous, and vivid scarlet blossoms, like a pyramid of planets in a blaze or a candelabra of comets, with forty thousand branching flames in all directions. These were most beautifully contrasted by the snowy white lilies I have spoken of before, which literally lined the road-side in many places.

In short, altogether, it was quite bewildering. One felt that one would fain have ten thousand eyes to see with, and ten thousand senses to admire, appreciate, and realise (I must go back to the United States for the right word) all the immensity and variety of those wondrous royal realms of Nature. I have said that the leaves, branches, flowers, fruits, stems, seemed all confusedly intermingled, and matted, and massed together in beauty. There were heaps of cactuses, garlanded with wildernesses of roses; there were floripundias coiled about with creepers that seemed almost moving in their wild life-like grace; besides countless other labyrinthine complications.

But I have said nothing of the splendid birds, that like animated rainbows and winged sunbeams were darting about amid these transcendent scenes. But it is quite useless to attempt to describe these unimaginable regions—one might as well strive to convey in words a glorious strain of the most exquisite music.

FICITION.

Caleb Field; a Tale of the Puritans. By the Author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland." London: Colburn and Co. pp. 246.

The authoress of *Margaret Maitland*, familiar with the characteristics of Scotch Presbyterianism has availed herself of this practical knowledge to describe more truthfully and graphically the aspects of Presbyterianism in England during the terrible period of its persecution under the reactionary fury of the Restoration. Although the writers of that time are for the most part hostile to them, and write with the manifest one-sidedness of the most extravagant hatred, it is impossible not to acknowledge the presence of a very general and admirable heroism on the part of the persecuted sect, not inferior to that which had been manifested in Scotland by the sturdy Covenanters. They submitted with a calm dignity to the deprivation of their livings; they went into poverty and exile; they endured imprisonments, and often worse treatment, with a patient heroism worthy of the ancient martyrs. The Memoirs of *Pepys*, himself extremely hostile to their tenets, yield the most convincing testimony to the greatness of their sufferings, and the heroism of their submission.

Caleb Field is designed to depict these. The Plague of London is the incident on which the plot is founded. The hero is one of the dispossessed ministers, driven from his cure with his wife and child, without sufficient food or clothing, and amid the severity of winter. Nobody dares to give them shelter and consolation, lest they also should fall under suspicion of being malignants, and be subjected to similar persecution. The wife dies of fatigue; the daughter, *Edith*, remains to him. Time rolls on; the Revolution comes to avenge the accumulated wrongs of the past; *Caleb* is

presented to a parish. But again a change. The Restoration brings with it also a sentence of deprivation against all who were not strictly orthodox; he is once more turned upon the world, and retires to a secluded village in Cumberland. The plague comes, as if the wickedness of man had exhausted the patience of heaven. While others are flying from the smitten city, *Caleb*, impelled by a stern sense of duty towards his former flock, hastens to the scene of the pestilence, and administers the consolations of religion to the sick and the dying, fearless of his own fate. How *Edith* joins him, and to what good fortune her fidelity and piety conduct her, we shall not tell our readers, because they ought to explore these in the volume. Enough to say that virtue is rewarded at last.

The story is written with all the power that has distinguished the former productions of the authoress—a power proceeding from very clear conceptions in her own mind, which enable her to express herself clearly and forcibly—the right word always coming to convey her thought, and therefore never requiring strong epithets and the other artificial means for giving seeming strength to feeble ideas. Evidently she thoroughly understands the very characteristics of the Puritan mind, and she paints them with wonderful reality. Her men and women are veritable flesh and blood, not mere abstractions, so that the reader finds it difficult to divest himself of the feeling that it is a true story of true persons, and not a fiction, and there is no better test of ability in a novelist than this.

As a specimen of her style, we take from the preface a sketch :

THE DEPRIVED PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS.

One almost marvels at the romance of conscientiousness which displays itself in the lives of these quaint divines. Many of them could receive and approve of the greater part of the service-book enforced upon them; many remained, as lay members and communicants, in the churches which they could no longer serve as pastors; many used voluntarily the liturgy which caused their expulsion; and yet, with all worldly benefits and comforts weighing down the scale, the delicate conscience, which, while it approved of much, could not "assent and consent" to all, asserted its superior importance, and triumphed. It is a singular history. We can understand—intensely distasteful as these observances of the Episcopal Church were to Scotland—how the men who strongly resisted them all should have been able to cast away everything earthly rather than submit to their imposition; but when we look upon these milder men—when we see Philip Henry leading his family to worship in the little church at Worthenbury, which so lately had been his own—and hear Wesley's gentle self-defence before the not unfriendly Bishop, and observe the reluctance which they had to do anything that looked like resistance—it becomes a matter more difficult to understand. Yet they did it—peaceful, unobtrusive, gentle men, on whom the bitter nicknames of their adversary fall so strangely inappropriate.

The consequences of this English Bartholomew's Day were hard upon those ministers. Some forsook the high vocation, in which they could no longer have the simple maintenance they needed; some fell upon the usual resource of poor clergymen, and taught schools; while very many were received into the households of gentlemen who favoured their views or honoured their piety; and a very comfortable number retired to the happier provision of their own private resources. But no attempt was made to organize a church, no resistance offered to the acknowledged law. The good men, prohibited from addressing a greater audience than five individuals in addition to their own households, preached three or four times in a day within their houses, to congregations of that scanty number, labouring with simple painstaking to make the frequent repetition of their teachings alone for the limited assembly to which each sermon was delivered. So straightforward in their obedience, so devout in their simplicity, so charitable in their diversities of opinion, one cannot help but smile at the singular blindness which upbraids these gentle men with the name of fanatic.

Realities; a Tale. By E. LYNN, Author of "Azeth the Egyptian," &c. In 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

MISS LYNN, whose moral courage no person will question, and whose abilities are equal to

her courage, has made the extraordinary avowal in her preface, that this novel was strongly disapproved by her friends, that she persisted in publishing it contrary to their advice, and it is said that she generously released the publisher, who had engaged to take it at a price before he had seen it, from the observance of his contract after it had been read.

A work thus unfavourably introduced, even by its author, can scarcely hope for more favour from the reviewers. We know that partiality is the usual fault of friends. To their unfaithful applause is many an aspirant indebted for a mortifying rebuff from the impartial public. But Miss LYNN's friends passed judgment upon her productions after this fashion :—"One objected to my style, but approved my sentiments; another thought the style must pass current, but the opinions were little better than libel or high treason; a valued friend suddenly withdrew his aid when most needed, because the construction of the book was not ingenious, and an able critic condemned sentiments, style, and character, but thought the story slightly interesting."

Now we know nothing of Miss LYNN, save as the writer of two novels which exhibited unusual learning and some considerable descriptive powers. We have read this new fiction, of a different class, intended to depict our own times, with a desire to be just and impartial in our judgment. The impression it has made upon us is not in accord with either of those reported of her friends, but, upon the whole, it is not favourable. We suspect, indeed, that their objections, in form directed against the style or the story, were, in truth, mainly to the sentiments. These are not likely to find favour with the British public, and we should greatly grieve if they could do so. There is no evading the conclusion that Miss LYNN is a rank *Socialist*—a Red Republican in petticoats—and has written this novel with a view to the promulgation of those doctrines, so entirely subversive of society in its present form, and which could only be put in practice by pulling down the social edifice to its foundations and rebuilding it according to the fancy of the dreamers. The truth is, that Miss LYNN has a sickly ambition to be an English GEORGE SAND: she has obviously adopted the political faith of the French novelist, and seeks to promulgate it in similar form, but without the same genius to sustain her. There is much talent in *Realities*, but it is misapplied; the story has a certain degree of interest, but it is unreal. The tone of the work is unwholesome. It is not English; it belongs not to our soil—to our temperament; it offends our common sense and violates our notions of propriety. Some of the faults and follies and irrationalities of the times, which she assails with so much power and satire, might have been rudely shaken had she exercised more discretion and not mingled with them assaults upon institutions as old as our nation, and principles which have been held in reverence from the earliest records of humanity. It is with a profound sense of pain that we see so much ability so misapplied, and a lady who is still young putting her name to a book which few of our own sex would have ventured to publish.

Ralph Rutherford. A Nautical Romance.
By the Author of "The Petrel," &c. In
3 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

NAUTICAL novels will ever be popular in a country whose inhabitants are said to be born sailors. There is romance in the very aspect of the sea. A Life on the Ocean Wave cannot but be various and adventurous, and if only an author has sufficient knowledge of the facts of a nautical existence, he needs very little imagination to construct a story which shall interest young and old. If he wants incident, he will find abundance in any volume of Voyages he may take from the library; and these will far surpass, in all the elements of the romantic, anything the mere imagina-

tion can invent. Hence, unlike us slaves of the lamp, who are compelled to build up the plots and incidents of our novels out of common-place everyday materials, the nautical novelist has no other difficulty than that of selection from the abundance of his stores. If he will but exercise good taste and sound judgment in his choice of incidents, and a little ingenuity in stringing them together, he may throw off his fictions as readily as the words will flow from his pen, certain that they will interest his readers, assured that he will command their sympathies and attention, and happy in the consciousness that, in the amusement that will be derived from the adventures he is narrating, any faults in the manner of telling them will pass unnoticed.

The author of *Ralph Rutherford* is not unknown to fame. He has already proved his capacity for nautical romance in a powerful story entitled *The Petrel* which, such of our readers as patronize the circulating library will not have forgotten. His forte is vigorous and graphic description. He is not great in his plot or in his characters, but he is happy in the choice of incidents, and he paints them with wonderful breadth of colour and distinctness of form. He brings before us real men, actual ships, solid land and true stormy seas. Hence he carries our thoughts away with him in utter abandonment. As we read, we forget the present and the past, absorbed as in a dream in the succession of pictures presented to the mind's eye, and in which we feel more of the interest of participants than of mere spectators. As in all novels of this class, the plot is only secondary to the adventures; it is but the thread that strings these latter together and excuses their introduction: they are the end and aim of the writer and the enjoyment of the reader.

If, therefore, we would judge this novel fairly, we must do as we ought to do with all works, take into account the writer's purpose, and if that purpose is attained, we have no right to find fault because he is not perfect in other particulars which were not part of his design. As we have observed, there are defects to be found here in the plot, and some of the personages may be objected to as wanting individuality and originality; but then the design of the Author was to present to his readers a series of interesting adventures very pleasantly told, and in that design he has been entirely successful, and therefore he is entitled to critical credit for having done well what he undertook to do. Readers he is sure to command.

Insubordination: or the Shoemaker's Daughters. An American Story of Real Life. By T. S. ARTHUR. London. pp. 320.

REALLY a very pretty story, very prettily told, printed in a volume so small that it might almost be carried in the waistcoat pocket. But its merits must not be judged by its unpretending form. It is worthy of a more important aspect.

Legends of the Seven Capital Sins. By J. COLLIN DE PLANCY. Translated from the French. London: Dolman.

A SERIES of tales, founded upon facts, intended to illustrate the consequences of those offences known in the Roman Catholic creed as the Seven Capital Sins. The stories are very interesting and beautifully written.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Plagues of Egypt, a Poem; and other Pieces. By FREDERIC JOHN STURMER. GAINSBORO': Printed for the Author. 1851.

The Exodus; a Dramatic Poem. London: Printed for the Author. 1849.

Fame, or the Real and the Ideal; an Original Play. By HENRY OSBORN. London: Gilbert. 1850.

Miscellaneous Poems, Historical and Descriptive. By W. H. SADLER. London: Published by the Author. 1850.

It has been mooted whether Omnipotence can

create something out of nothing: what then is to be expected of the reviewer, who resignedly sits down to notice a nullity? We never were, and hope never to be, deputed to a task more closely approaching this consummation than at the present moment.

Three of the books whose titles head this article are, it may be observed, "printed for the Author." To the first is appended a long list of subscribers; to which, perhaps, on the whole, Mr. STURMER has a better claim than his associates. His notes disclose a fair acquaintance with the accessories of his theme; and we come, now and then, upon passages of a certain amount of antithetical dexterity, such as indicate that the author may eventually take place among the writers of fluent verse whose makebelieve at poetry is not too transparent a masquerading. We may cite the ideas (the first clearly not warranted by scripture) that, in the first plague

The very tears that flood
The people's cheeks, turn, as they fall, to blood;

and that, in the plague of frogs (magnified by Mr. STURMER, into multiform reptiles), it was their own gods who cursed the Egyptians:

Each reptile god, each grinning monster, all,
Quivering with life, burst from the sculptured wall.
The frog, the newt, each creeping reptile form
Born of the slime, in swelling clusters swarm.
Those are thy gods: oh! wretched land, in these
Vile loathsome things, behold thy deities.
In vain they fly. Beyond the temple's gates
The same foul scene their sickening sight awaits.
O'er Zoan's smiling plain—ah! thrice accurst,
Since from their gods it comes—the storm has burst.
With reptile life her flower meads abound,
Spring from each stone—the stream, the sky, the ground.
Each step they take, where once they pressed the sod,
The shrinking foot now spurns a reptile god.

Were we illnaturedly disposed towards Mr. STURMER, we would cite his description of Death, in the character of the destroying angel: but *The Plagues of Egypt* is a "maiden production," and the author would appear to have but just entered on life. We must ask him, however, whether "eternal chaos" is really his conception of God's government at the time of "the restitution of all things," and, if not, why he prints that it is? In the "Fugitive Pieces," a certain resemblance to the manner of MOORE may be observed.

The only peculiarity about the work of our second embellisher of Moses is, that he has written a drama in rhyme—confessedly on the French model: and, as a consequence, of course we have a love affair as one chief pivot of action—MIRIAM and an Egyptian priest being the principals. Seeing that the drama cannot have been written to be acted, the rhyme may be not decided a great fault: which is the utmost we can say for the experiment. Of the book, in other respects, we have something so very like nothing to say, that neither author nor reader will be in a hurry to call for it.

Mr. OSBORN is careful to state that *Fame, or the Real and the Ideal*, is "an original play;" but we take leave to inform him that, in its general subject, it strongly resembles *The Patrician's Daughter*. There is nothing in this, certainly: Mr. MARSTON and Mr. OSBORN, like Mr. SHAKSPERE and Mr. PUFF, happened to think of the same thing, and Mr. MARSTON wrote it first. But, as a curious piece of news, Mr. OSBORN may, perhaps, be glad to know the fact. *Fame* is one of the most incompetent books to be met with. The structure of the verse is quite below condemnation; quotation will do just as well; and that of the story, with its absurdly unnecessary misery, is nearly on a par with it. Yet there are occasional gleams of the possibility of better things. The humour of the comic scenes, though a conventional stage humour, is rather smart and effective: and we think Mr. OSBORN might obtain a hearing in light comedy. It only remains for us to prove, with a few lines chosen at random, that we have not overstated his guiltlessness of the meaning of the words "blank verse":

Before we bid adieu, let's vow at this day
Ev'ry year to meet together, so that our

Friendship may still prevail, and trouble or success
Divert it not. Schoolboy friendships are oft
Forgotten with manhood's change. Let it not be
With us.

We have long been used to receiving books for criticism: but Mr. SADLER has initiated us into a new phase of the critical function by sending his effusions expressly "for inspection and approbation." It is true that the book does not prove any very accurate knowledge of the value of words: and we are glad to suppose that the term may have been chosen as much through sanguine independence of a pocket JOHNSON, as on the faith of "three notices very favourable, one Scottish, and two London." However this may be, we must beg to decline the office into which Mr. SADLER would induct us; assuring him that silence, which is said to express assent, is the only condition of our being from which it would be possible, in this case, to infer "approbation."

Mr. SADLER writes in the style of that product peculiar to our age, a PETER PARLEY and Mechanics' Institute man, having the occasional entrée of the Whittington Club. His sympathies are distressingly cosmopolitan: he insists on shaking hands with all kinds of heroes, or, as he more probably considers them, "lions:" CATLIN, CESAR, WALLACE, or NAPOLEON, GAINSBOROUGH, RUBENS, or CRUIKSHANK, it is all the same to him. At last his aspirations seek wider outlet, and he pens an *Ode to Jehovah*. We really must not deprive our readers of a little harmless amusement, or Mr. SADLER of a possible customer. Here is a summary of DESSAIX's gifts:

His foot-mould thy hot sand, Egypt keeps;
On hoar Cheops his shadow yet sleeps;
Arab, Copt, Turk, his "just Sultan" weeps;
For, though a dire fo—
E'er mercy he'd show—
Not like whom in gore his cruel hand steepes.
'Mid temples he strayed,
Through ruins would dart;
To battle he sped
With what fearless heart.
Aye, mourn him with tears, with faltering steps.

The following is Mr. SADLER's criticism, from first line to last, on COLLINS's "Fear:"

On Fear, in any tongue, of ev'ry clime,
Lamented Collins' ode is most sublime.

A "finisher," concerning LEOPOLD ROBERT, will conclude our acquaintance with Mr. SADLER at whatever point of cordiality a laugh will bring us to:

Alas that man so oft should grasp a knife,
And mad, despairing, end so short a life!
Though Robert had so early conquered fame,
Though art could then scarce boast so great a name,
Adoring one he hopeless thought to win,
His soul was vanquished by that passion's pain,
And soon one morn beheld him by his razor slain.

W. M. R.

RELIGION.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. An attempt to convey their Spirit and Significance. By JOHN HAMILTON THORN. London: 1851. pp. 408.

We opened this volume, expecting to find in it another outpouring of *Rationalism*—a covert assault upon Christianity, under pretence of elucidating the text of the Holy Scriptures. We were, however, agreeably surprised to discover in it no traces of any such spirit, but, on the contrary, the eloquent, earnest, and powerfully argumentative discourses of a profound believer in Christianity, defending the text of the Bible from the explanations of those who labour to destroy, under pretence of friendship and regard. Mr. THORN is, we understand, a Dissenter; but certainly we should never have discovered it from anything that appears in this volume, which might have been written by the most faithful member of our Church. He treats his subject under the following heads:—1st. The dissensions of the Corinthian Church. 2nd. Its immorality and perplexities. 3rd. The office of love in drawing individuals into a community. 4th. Of the Corinthian and Pauline views of the Resurrection. Corinth and Jerusalem one church and family. 5th. The views it contains of spiritual Christianity, addressed chiefly to those whom the first Epistle brought into sympathy with Paul. 6th. The law of giving, as illustrated by St. Paul's urging the Corinthian Church to discharge the full duties of brotherly love towards their afflicted brethren of Jerusalem. And, lastly, St. Paul's closing vindication of his Apostolic character and authority against his detractors at Corinth. The author states, in his pre-

face, that his pages are designed for the unlearned; for those whose only qualification for the reception of religious truth is in the desire that spiritual things may by them be spiritually discerned, and who seek and worship truth as they worship and seek after God, with a hunger and thirst for realities, and with a love that casts out fear. "For such," he adds, "I think something, indeed, much, yet remains to be done to bring them into any actual communion with the mind and spirit of St. Paul."

This is a lofty aim, and it has been executed with eloquence and ability.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Self-Education. Twelve Chapters for Young Thinkers. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. London: Partridge and Oakey. pp. 203.

The greatest portion of our knowledge must be self-taught. Education really begins just at the point where it is vulgarly supposed to end. How often do we hear it said of young men and women, on quitting the school and entering upon the business of life, that they have finished their education. A fatal error! They have but laid the foundation: the structure itself has yet to be erected by their own diligence and patient industry. A fatal error, because such an expression not only indicates woeful ignorance on the part of the speaker of the true meaning of education, but it is calculated to mislead the emancipated pupil, by implanting a belief that with his school tasks his toil is ended, and that he has nothing more to do than to perform his daily tasks of duty and pass his leisure hours in play or self-indulgences. Great service would he perform to youth, who should make them know and feel that the teacher whom they dismissed has done little more than instruct them in the rudiments of knowledge, in the manner of employing the faculties of their minds: that their positive acquirements are trifling compared with that which it behoves them to learn, if they would keep pace with the progress of society. At the school, and even at the college, whole branches of invaluable and necessary learning are entirely neglected. What does the "finished" youth know of the Natural Sciences; of Social and Political Economy; of the Laws of his country; of the principles of commerce; of the methods of business; of the duties which are demanded of him as a citizen, in the character of an elector, a jurymen, a parish officer, and the many other public duties imposed upon the inhabitant of a free country. All these, and many more, he must learn after he leaves school or college, because, according to the systems of education that still linger among us, surviving the society for which they were constructed, the affairs and realities of life are not deemed to deserve attention, and the years of youth are occupied with the acquirement of a critical knowledge of two extinct languages which are of no practical use, and, at best, are merely ornaments.

Mr. HOOD writes from personal experience. He has educated himself, and in this little volume he earnestly exhorts his readers to follow his example. The best proof of what self-education can accomplish is to be found in the pages we are reading. They are full of important truths, plainly but powerfully expressed. We have seldom seen so much good sense within the same compass. Having described what self-education is, he tells his young readers how to observe, what to read and how to read it, of the art of thinking, the education of the memory, the pursuit of truth, the education of the taste, and of mental and moral freedom. He denounces, in becoming terms of indignant eloquence, that intellectual dandyism which sneers at all real knowledge and values nothing but a refinement which is mere ornament, and dwells with due gravity, as sensible of its vast importance, upon physical education and the education of the citizen.

Altogether we have not for a long time seen so excellent a book as this, and we trust that it will soon be found in every school and in every house.

The History of Modern Europe, from the Commencement of the Sixteenth Century to the year 1850. By ROBERT STEWART, A.M. London: Partridge and Oakey. pp. 332.

ALTHOUGH not so expressly described, we presume that this is intended for schools and educational purposes, for the condensation into 332 pages of the entire history of Modern Europe could scarcely have been attempted with any other view. As such, Mr. STEWART has contrived to make it more readable and amusing, more of a narrative and less of a chronology, than we should have supposed to be possible. It will be an excellent reading book for classes, and, as a vivid outline of the modern history of Europe, taken at a comprehensive glance, an useful introduction to the study of the particular histories of the different countries.

The Child's Treasure; or, Reading without Spelling. By A LADY. London: Low. 1851. pp. 100.

THE LADY is a sensible woman. She perceives the surpassing absurdity of our time-honoured method of teaching children to spell by means of the utterances of several sounds that have no resemblance to the sound of the whole word, and which must produce infinite perplexity in the young mind. Thus, ask a child to spell "cat." The sound of each separate letter *c a t*, bears no resemblance to the sound of "cat," and if your pupil has a good ear, he will be perplexed beyond measure, and look upon spelling as an odious task. The French are wiser; they teach children to pronounce the sounds of which a word is composed, instead of the names of the letters as we do. A Lady has recognised this folly of ours, and, in the useful little volume before us, has resorted to a wiser method of teaching children to read, by teaching them the sounds of which words are composed before she teaches the letters by their names. Highly approving this rational method, we heartily recommend it to our readers.

A Collection of Secular Music for the use of Schools. Edited by JAMES TILLEARD. London: Novello. pp. 44.

HALF of this useful work consists of native, and half of foreign, compositions. The airs most likely to please, attract, and interest young persons are selected, and words set to them, some original, others well known, and popular poems, as "Ye Mariners of England," "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," &c. The volume contains eight rounds, and about forty songs. We can, with the utmost confidence, recommend it for use wherever part singing is practised, whether in schools or families.

Skeleton Themes, to Assist in Teaching the Art of Composition. By MARGARET THORNBY. Edinburgh: Clarke. pp. 292.

MRS. THORNBY's plan is sufficiently simple. Her purpose is to suggest to beginners the subjects they should write about when a theme is given them. Thus, the pupil is directed to compose an essay on the story of Androcles and the Lion. Mrs. THORNBY suggests that he should treat of the miserable condition of the fugitive slave, the ferocity of the lion subdued by suffering, the gratitude of the animal and his sagacity again to recognise his friends. The slave owner's vindictiveness is put to shame by the wild beast's forbearance. The subjects are divided into narratives, descriptive, biographical, abstract, and for the exercise of the imagination, the judgment, &c. The idea is a good one, and appears to be very well carried out. This little book will be a useful aid in a very important, but too much neglected, branch of education.

A Child's First Hour; addressed to Young Mothers. By a PHYSICIAN. London: Ackermann & Co. pp. 71.

IT is impossible to calculate the mischief that may be done by the injudicious treatment of infants immediately after birth. The amount of injury inflicted by the ignorance of monthly nurses is enormous. We never see one without shuddering to think that the health of a whole life depends upon the prejudices of an uninformed old woman, whom we would not trust with the care of a cent finger. So feels the Physician who has written this little book to inform mothers how infancy ought to be managed, and what things that nurses do ought not to be done. We heartily commend its perusal to every mother and father—to all who hope to be parents.

The Mirror of History; or, Lives of the Men of Great Eras, from Julius Caesar to William the Conqueror. By the Rev. EDWARD BRIDGE, B.A. London: Baldwin. pp. 302.

THE plan of this volume is to teach the most prominent facts of history, in the more amusing and attractive form of biography, arranged in chronological order. Where a great number of memoirs are to be comprised in a few pages, each one must be necessarily brief; but Mr. BRIDGE has succeeded in avoiding dryness, so often the accompaniment of brevity, and has so pleasantly narrated his facts, that we have not for a long time seen a book so well adapted for school and family reading as this.

Le Petit Rimeur, being French and English Words and Sentences in Rhyme. London: Groombridge. pp. 52.

THIS is an ingenious endeavour to convert nursery rhymes into a vehicle for French words and phrases, to be thus taught in play long before the learner has

began to read. A specimen or two will best show the design.

Le volet, the shutter, An eyelash, un cil,
Du beurre, some butter. Le talon, the heel.
Some linen, du linge, A thimble, un dé,
A monkey, un singe. Le jour, the day.

The idea strikes us as a very happy one.

The Little Lamb; a German Story. Hope & Co. pp. 48.
A SWEET little story for children.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Royal Exchange, and the Palace of Industry; or the Possible Future of Europe and the World. London: Jones.

THIS volume, issued in three languages, English, French, and German, has not been sent to us for review; but it has fallen in our way, and as the production of an original thinker, of pious and healthy mind, we judge so highly of it, that we cannot refrain—all unbidden though it be—from calling public attention to it in our columns. The author, with the large and glowing soul of a philanthropist, rejoices in the great fact which his book commemorates—the inaugural banquet of peace on earth and good will amongst men. He sees in it the dawn of that day when men shall “beat their swords into pruning-hooks, and their spears into ploughshares, and shall learn war no more.” Looking upon the World’s Exhibition with the eye of taste and of intellect, and scanning the world’s history from the being of the first man till now, he exults with thankful soul in the application of the faculties with which he, heaven-endowed, has converted earth’s raw material to his needs and service, and to minister to his comforts and delights, until the sublime result exhibited before the wondering eyes of the men of many lands in our day, has been at length attained. Our quotations, brief and partial as they must be, cannot do justice to this spirit-stirred and spirit-stirring author; yet let him speak for himself, though it be in few words, and though the passages we cite be lopped of the point, aim, and beauty which, as parts of an entire, they possess. “To think of man,” he says, “lying like a wreck outside of Eden, naked and ignorant, without a teacher and without tools a whole world of raw material under his foot, the compass of the earth for the sphere of his achievements, his head and hand the instruments of action, the one as yet without knowledge, and the other without skill; and then to think what he has done! What he has become since then! How one generation has improved upon another, and how discovery and invention, and labour and skill, and industry and genius have covered the earth with a succession of wonders.” Space forbids us to follow a most eloquent passage.

We must, however, give one other citation. Having adopted, as a sort of thesis to his book, the passage of Holy Writ, chosen by Prince ALBERT in its two different versions, this one as the motto of the Royal Exchange, and the other as that of the Crystal Palace; and, supposing it to be heartily and practically adopted by the nations of the earth, he says, “Let men embrace this idea, that the earth is God’s, not theirs, and that all the race are alike his, and there could no longer be war, or slavery, or anarchy, or despotism; men could not be brought, on the supposition suggested, to be trained and taught to slaughter one another!—or to steal one another! or to buy, and sell, and fetter and lash those who were the exclusive property of God, and who, whatever their colour, was each of them as much a man as themselves!”

The book contains a valuable and beautiful embodiment of Christian truth, skilfully but fairly educed from the motto, “The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof,” commencing with the theism implied in this declaration, and evolving the fact that “God has spoken.” It is an attempt—an honest and enlightened one—to make the great event of the day conduce to the interests of peace, virtue, and religion. We heartily wish it God speed. Addressed as it is to our brethren at home, and our brethren beyond the channels that bound our shores, it is an elaboration of the fact of the day, a simultaneous invitation to peace, goodwill, and universal brotherhood, and an indication of the existence and growth of the fraternity desired.

Handbook for Killarney, in the English and French Languages. London: Crockford. 1851. Dublin: Fisher and Co.

THIS little guide-book ought to be possessed by every visitor to that region of enchantment, the far-famed Lakes of Killarney. In the compass of a few pages, it brings under the notice of the tourist all the principal features of attraction, without indulging either in excess-

sive verbiage, or too great minuteness of description, faults which prevail to a considerable extent in many of the larger works which have been published on the subject. The Handbook is accompanied by a really good Map of Killarney and its environs, which must prove a most invaluable auxiliary to the excursionist. For the convenience of our Continental friends, who may be expected to avail themselves largely of the opportunities afforded them this season of visiting the scenery of the Sister Island, the Handbook is published in both the French and English languages, under the same cover. It possesses also, which is not to be despised, the recommendation of cheapness, the map alone being well worth the price of the entire work.

The Book of Almanacs, &c. Compiled by AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, Sec. R.A.S. London: Taylor, Walton & Co. pp. 89.

THIS is a singularly useful and ingenious publication. Professor DE MORGAN has constructed an *Universal Almanac* which serves as an Almanac for all past and all future time. By means of it you may find in a moment on what day of the week any particular date fell in any by-gone year of the Christian era, or when it will fall at any future time. It would be impossible to describe the system without an inspection of the book, and the utility of such a scheme needs no commendation—it speaks for itself. The name and fame of the author are guarantees for accuracy.

The Temperance Cyclopaedia. Compiled by the Rev. W. REID. Glasgow. pp. 520.

A copious collection of statistics, facts, narratives and arguments on the subjects of Temperance and Intemperance, including the testimonies of physicians, the exhortations of moralists, and the evidences of the political economists as to the fatal consequences of this, the besetting sin of Scotland, and yet a grievous blot upon the reputation of England. It is very cheap, and its diffusion might be of immense service to the cause of religion and morality.

THE PAMPHLETEER.

WE now proceed to despatch another pile of Pamphlets, which has accumulated during the month, and we shall endeavour to observe the same classification as before.

The greatest number are religious, and, observing our rule of the strictest impartiality, for, as reviewers, our business is only fairly to state the character of each work as a composition, without any expression of opinion upon its arguments, or the right or wrong of its doctrinæ, we proceed to notice each one briefly.

Thoughts on the Nature of Man, the Propagation of Creeds, and the Formation of Human Character. is stated to be designed “to prove and illustrate a fundamental principle identified with the constitution of our nature, which (although coeval with the creation of man) is hitherto but little known.” The preface does not state what this principle is, but we gather from the pamphlet that the author alludes to “the overwhelming effect of circumstances in the formation of human character,” especially in early life. This is illustrated by citations from a vast array of authors, ancient and modern. He inculcates the duty incumbent upon every man to think for himself, to labour to emancipate his mind from mere prejudices imbibed in youth and especially to study the laws by which the Creator governs the world, and by which his own mind is regulated.

The Rev. J. DOWNALL M. A., vicar of Okehampton, has published an eloquent *Address after Confirmation*, which has already passed through four editions, and deservedly, as it is very much to the purpose.—W. MERRY, Esq., has sent us a singularly earnest and powerful essay, entitled *Predetermination and Election considered Scripturally*. The question is examined with reference chiefly to the seventeenth article of our church, as contrasted with the Calvinistic Interpretation. It would be out of place here to follow Mr. MERRY into his elaborate and able argument. The same author has also forwarded a treatise on *The Philosophy of a Happy Fraternity, established on the sure Evidence of the Bible*. It is a careful, curious and very interesting collection of all the texts in the Bible that bear upon our future existence, arranged so as to enable him to deduce from them what may be termed the promise of futurity as contained in the Scriptures.—The Rev. R. EDLESTON, more venturesome, has treated of *Infants in Heaven, or the probable Future State of Deceased Children*. He thinks that they will share the beautiful promise contained in the language of our Saviour; “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.”—*Puseyism and the Prayer Book*, is the title of a pamphlet by the Rev. E. T. GREGORY, D.D. Rector of Kilmore, in which he advocates a revision of the Prayer Book, and

the re-establishment of the Convocation.—From the Rev. G. J. DAVIES, Curate of Beaupre, we have received *A Catechetical Exercise on the Confirmation Service*, for the use of young persons preparatory to the undertaking of that solemn rite, and also two *Benefit Club Sermons* admirably adapted to the class of persons to whom they are addressed.—W. N. St. LEGER, A.B., who styles himself Catholic Priest and Incumbent of St. Mary-le-Tower, Ipswich, has forwarded *Two Sermons* preached there, in which he protests against the assumption of titles by the Roman Catholic Bishops on Catholic grounds, the English Church being the true Catholic Church, the Romish Church only an impostor; that, as we understand it, is his position.—*A Moral and Religious Guide to the Exhibition*, by the Rev. J. A. ENERTON, D.D., is a truly Christian exhortation to Englishmen to apply the Exhibition to Moral and Religious uses, with suggestions for conduct on the occasion. He entreats his countrymen to treat their foreign visitors with respect, to deal honestly with them, to protect them against impositions by others, to show them urbanity and kindness, respect their peculiarities, open freely to them our public buildings and private establishments, show them hospitalities according to our means, convince them that we can be religious without being melancholy. “Let every Englishman,” he says, “consider each foreigner as his guest.” This Address is highly creditable to the good sense and good feelings of the author.—“A Country Curate” has addressed an excellent letter to the Bishop of Norwich, pointing out the advantages of *Adult Evening Schools in the Agricultural Districts*. It would be the most practically useful undertaking of the time, and we recommend the subject to the consideration of our readers.

Art and Science have also furnished their contingent. Mrs. PARKER has published an energetic protest against the monopoly of the Print-sellers, and makes many statements which, if true, are anything but creditable to the trade.—*Ruskinism* is the title given probably by some architect whose works have been “shown up” by Mr. RUSKIN in his *Seven Lamps*, or in his *Stones of Venice*, and who thus endeavours to avenge himself by anonymous abuse and satire, which, however, fall very harmlessly, for he does not even attempt to answer Mr. RUSKIN’s arguments. The Rhyming Epistle is sad trash.—Mr. W. H. GREY has just sent forth a third edition of his pamphlet on *Church Leases*, in which he brings figures to bear upon the question, proving to demonstration the injury and injustice that result from the present system of leasing church property for terms with fines: how it is beneficial neither to the Church nor to the lessees, while it prevents improvements of the property. Nor is the remedy difficult in itself. Still, it seems, the prospect of improvement is very distant.—Lord BROUGHAM’s convincing *Speech on the Bill for admitting Parties to Suits as Witnesses*, has been published in a pamphlet. The arguments are unanswerable. Indeed, there is positively no argument in favour of the present practice of exclusion, and yet, such is the force of the prejudice of mere habit, there is the utmost difficulty in procuring the adoption of a different practice, although it accords with the plainest dictates of common sense. If there be one who yet doubts the propriety of the alteration, we recommend him to read this pamphlet.—*Soft Spring Water from the Surrey Lands*, is the report by the Hon. W. NAPIER to the Board of Health, on the Water Supply of London. It is not likely to be adopted, but it contains many novel and curious facts.—The Hon. F. BYNG has taken up the Smithfield Market Nuisance, and having personally investigated the question, has published the results of his inquiries, which are entirely condemnatory of the present market, and of any attempt to continue a cattle market in the heart of London.—Dr. J. H. BENNETT, a Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, in a pamphlet entitled *The Mesmeric Mania of 1851*, admits all the main facts of mesmerism, but asserts that they are not produced by external causes, nor are they new. They are well known to the medical world, and have been so for ages. He is right in this. But if they be facts in nature, what means the universal denial of them by the opponents of mesmerism and the charge of imposture preferred against those who practise them? If they be facts, they deserve, and indeed demand, the serious and systematic investigation of philosophers quite as much as any other facts of nature. Dr. BENNETT says, “If important facts can be demonstrated, let them be judged of by those whose habits of thought and previous studies qualify them for the task.” So say we; but our complaint is that medical men will not try them and judge of them by personal examination and experience; they will insist on trying them by some *a priori* argument, showing reasons why they are not probable, instead of trying their truth or falsehood by experiments.—*Our Heartless Policy* is the title of a pamphlet by an Etonian, who pleads powerfully against Capital Punishment. It is, indeed, lamentable that in a Christian land there should yet exist a barbarism which can only be defended by assuming that

human tribunals are invested with the infallibility and with the power of Divinity; that man has a right to take away the life he cannot give: under pretence of maintaining a reverence for human life it sets the example of taking it away, and hopes to destroy the appetite for murder by a spectacle which familiarizes men with the sight of a violent death. Why should not the experiment be tried of a suspension of capital punishment for some short period, say two years; if during that time there should be an increase of murders, the opponents of abolition will be enabled to appeal to experience. But if it should be found, as we believe it would be found, that life is not less secure than before, the case of the advocates of abolition will be made out, and the punishment of death be erased from our criminal code. This would be the rational method of determining the dispute.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Les Socialistes Depuis Fevrier. Par M. JULES, Breynat Docteur en Droit.

The vagueness with which Socialism is spoken of shows how confused and inadequate are the ideas of the community regarding it. Some talk of it in a tone of exaggerated alarm, as if it menaced ruin to all government and all religion. Some treat it with contempt, as if it were the transitory whim, the morbid fancy, the speculative mood, of a generation hot in the hunt of novelty and intellectual adventure. Some, who want to get credit for sympathy with the people, and to be patriots at a cheap rate, are eloquent in their praise of Socialism, without ever having taken the trouble to ascertain what it means. Some assail it because it is unpopular, and has the appearance of an innovation, with that cant of conservatism which is so fatal to conservative objects. Others affect to embrace it for the very reason that it is an innovation, and forms an entertaining variety, amid a crowd of other caprices. Yet Socialism is a phenomenon too solid and formidable to be disposed of in a fashion so light and summary. It is one of those great facts which it is the duty of every earnest man to study. Of whatever there is good in it he should constitute himself the champion; whatever there is bad in it he should remorselessly attack. Every problem in these days relating to the fate of a nation which we refuse to help in solving will torment us in some shape till we aid in its solution. And if we still obstinately refuse, what we had dashed aside as a pestering trifle will change itself into a huge and horrible monster to devour us. In ordinary circumstances indifference is a crime, but in the present aspect and state of society it is a folly no less than a crime. We cannot wrap ourselves up in a pleasant cloak of apathy toward the mightiest movements, the most momentous interests, the most urgent affairs of man's social, religious, and political life, at this hour, which is pregnant with so much, without garnering up for ourselves retributions which will burst rudely and overwhelmingly in on our indolence and our dreams. When compromises perish as they are now so rapidly perishing, we must choose our camp; and he who stands by to see the battle fought will be shot without pity as a deserter or a coward. An epicurean smirk of *nonchalance* at everything which makes the human heart throb quicker and warmer than usual may, in a supine and stagnant age, have a show of philosophy; but in our own active and aspiring age, athirst for the depths of untrdden mysteries, it is a puerile blunder, and most grievous miscalculation. Therefore, Socialism should be more to all of us than a subject of mental inquiry: we should pierce into its very soul, with the stern resolve and the crushing weapons of heroes potent in the mission of conquering by martyr-deeds salvation to humanity. To touch matters so vast and so significant with the tip of our dainty *dilettante* fingers is worse than leaving them altogether alone. When we approach Socialism, we tread the brink of profound and perilous realities, that cast their influence, for blessing or for bane, far into the Future. The

glib coxcombry which disposes of such important questions with an epigram or a common-place may be prodigiously amusing to the shallow readers of newspapers, but it assists to prolong and to multiply the deceptions and the delusions, the awakening from which is so often the thunder of revolutions. Worse, far worse than the selfish and craven indifference that is only lulled to slumber by the roar and the rush of popular passions and the voice of popular woe, is the foppish frivolity that sports with the leviathans of disruption and anarchy as if they were the toys of a child. Yet what wiser or graver attitude is taken by our journals, by men who boast themselves the leaders of opinion, in reference to those primordial themes, to the height of which the tender heart of religion, the repentance of the universal people, the maturest meditations of sages, and the mastery of consummate statesmanship alone in their union can ascend.

There are at least six different modes of looking at Socialism, and we shall be disposed to manifest ourselves its fierce foes or its ardent friends, according to the point of view under which we regard it. It may be considered, first, as a cry of distress, as the shriek of torture and despair which arises from the midst of disease, and squalor, and penury; or, secondly, as the ideal and the prophecy of human redemption, when countless obstacles have been overcome, and countless miseries have been healed; or, thirdly, as the Utopia of visionaries, the pedantry of system-mongers; or, fourthly, as a protest against an arid and unpitying political economy, and an appeal in favour of the righteous distribution of wealth, as opposed to the inordinate and unrighteous accumulation thereof; or, fifthly, as a fervent and forcible utterance in praise of co-operative efforts and institutions as legitimate and useful remedies for an unnatural severance of individuals and classes; or, lastly, as a weapon of turmoil and overthrow in the hands of demagogues, in addition to the political grievances which they know how to parade with so much art before the eyes of an ignorant and infuriate populace, ripe for mischief, mad from oppression, and burning with revenge.

In the first place, Socialism is a breathing of pain, the moan of burdened, weary, lacerated hearts. To those writhing with distress and battling with poverty all is welcome that promises an alleviation of their sufferings. They cannot calmly consider or critically examine remedies which to others appear the quackeries of the designing, or the hallucinations of the fantastical. With what enthusiasm was Chartism welcomed at its birth by millions of men who cared little for political change in itself, but who were sick with hope deferred, and who rejoiced in the gleam that illuminated for a moment, if it did not warm their despondency! In the manufacturing districts it was not merely an apocalypse of emancipation, but the prelude of a Millenium in which the working classes were to enter into the full heritage of enjoyment of which tyranny, and injustice, and bad laws had robbed them. Can we wonder that the starving are clumsy logicians, unless when they venture to employ the most rapid and resistless of all logic, the logic of hunger? But, except when they resort to that logic, their faith in new schemes of deliverance for them and their proletarian brethren is boundless as their wretchedness. Now Socialism is for the multitude that which Chartism and other kindred things have been, a howl of torture, the lifting up of feverish skeleton hands to grasp a phantom of relief. For the toilworn, as he raises his languid eyes to gaze through the thick and pestilential atmosphere that shuts out the sunshine from his cold hearth, Socialism means bread on the table, and a fire in the grate, and clothes instead of rags for his children, and refreshing sleep, and a home in the truest and largest sense to which his fellow-man may come in far other guise than that of an oppressor, and where he can hold cheering communion with his God

in the full belief that the Father of the Universe pities with a great pity the forlorn and the poor. It will not do to say, as the Optimists are in the habit of saying, that the condition of the labouring masses is improving, however slowly. Misery in general does not consist so much in any real pain or privation as in the absence of something which the heart longs for as indispensably necessary to happiness. The working man may be better off positively than his ancestors, and yet he may be immensely worse off by reference to that higher standard of comfort and of social progress which the influences of civilization and the dissemination of intelligence have taught him to entertain. It has been stated that some of the most barren provinces of France, where the inhabitants subsist on the scantiest food, and moisten the arid and ungrateful soil with the sweat of the most exhausting fatigues, and with the tears of the most crushing hardships, contain a moral and contented population. There the tree of knowledge has not been eaten of, bringing, after the first rapturous taste, the sense of nakedness and grief, and awakening insatiate and unutterable yearnings. In such districts Socialism can, of course, find no ears to listen to it, no souls to kindle at its impassioned pictures and fiery appeals. But, wherever Socialism comes not to the ignorant but to the intelligent, and unveils a region of beautiful possibilities beyond the meagreness, the monotony, the cheerless and incessant struggle of the working man's lot, it cannot fail to find hosts ready to crowd round its banner. It is, therefore, a gross mistake to suppose that education will kill Socialism. Education will merely increase it, unless the community in the whole of its various relations march at as rapid a rate, or a still more rapid rate, than Education. It is harmony and fullness of social development alone which can cure the tendency to communist manias in the world's distempered brain.

In the second place, Socialism is the ideal of those who, having perfect and enthusiastic faith in the providence of God, and a lofty and poetic conception of human destiny, mourn over the mischief and madness which desolate this fair green earth that carries in its bosom the germ of so much that is holy and joyful. They have not fixed on any definite scheme of Socialist organization, and the more definite the schemes of the Socialist prophets, with the more repugnance do they regard them. They may be called the Spiritualists of Socialism which, in their mind, is divested of all material aspects and transfigured into the Religion of the Future. It is not from amiable dreamers of this kind that we have anything to fear. The less chance they have of realizing any of their sublime fancies the more charm will those fancies have for them. And if they now and then try their hand at organizing, the means they employ will be as pure and harmless as themselves. Idealistic Socialism has either no effect or such only as is salutary. A precious leaven in every land and in every age is the man who, from the forms of sacred loveliness that people his own breast imagines that a time will come when every scene of guilt and anguish will be transmuted into a Paradise. Some of the most eminent French Socialists have been of this description, though ignorance or dishonesty has confounded them with the ruffians and the sensualists whose God is their lust, and whose throne and whose altar is a barricade reeking with blood.

In the third place, Socialism is an ample and a favourite field for those men who are never satisfied unless they are building up in their subtle and sophistical brain the most visionary systems. The most finished type of this class of Socialists was FOURIER, in whose works there will probably be found a larger amount of pure nonsense than in any that insanity, manity and vanity, all working together in the abysses of chaos, ever produced. Socialists of the FOURIER stamp are not in the slightest degree dangerous, for the sufficient reason that they are so deplorably dull. They contrive to

be consummately absurd without ever deviating by accident or exception into an amusing vein. Their best refutation is their invincible bathos which will prevent the boldest and most patient reader from getting through three pages and a half of their most ambitious and elaborate productions. People come quickly to the conclusion that that would be a dreary world to live in which it is so very dreary to peruse an account of. Men must be excited, interested, profoundly impressed before they can be convinced. You must paint a thing vividly to their imagination, strike it potently home to their hearts before it can be accepted by their judgment and conscience, and become a motive of duty, a principle of action. The Visionary Socialists, the concocters of systems, with FOURIER at their head, have neglected this very obvious process. They have thought that they make their ponderous, prosaic plans abundantly attractive by the boundless food which they promise to every sensual and selfish propensity. They have forgotten that the coarsest appetite in a human bosom seeks some slight veil of mystery to hide the ugliness, some rainbow tint to embellish the rawness and rudeness of the reality.

In the fourth place, Socialism is a revolt against that old angular Political Economy which had grown a tyrant so inexorable and so intolerable. That Political Economy may have done some service in its day, it would be wrong to deny. We owe it, among other things, some very important improvements in our commercial legislation. But it was of the earth—earthy. It spoke to whatever was meanest and lowest in the human mind. It degraded man into a mere money-making apparatus, and demanded remorselessly the sacrifice of everything to the Juggernaut of Capital. In its plans for the amassing of national wealth, it threw entirely into the shade the effect of such plans on the nation itself. It had exceeding tenderness for bullion, but was harsh as an executioner to paupers. It was most pathetic on gluts, but flamed with fierce wrath against surplus population. It had curses for little children if there happened to be more than three of them in a family, while it had crowns for Malthus and its other Hierophants. The moral sense, the natural feelings of mankind, burst forth in rebellion against this pedantic cruelty, which exalted cold-blooded calculation, and inordinate love of money, into a philosophy. Much of our English Socialism is simply the fervent language of that rebellion. It is most honourable to our brave old English instincts, and good old English associations and sympathies, that they would not wear the yoke of Political Economy, even though the way in which the yoke was broken might not quite harmonise with sound old English sense. Some very weighty and happy results have flowed from the successful warfare against the infallible authority which Political Economy claimed, even though the war may have ended in the temporary triumph of Socialism. It has directed extraordinary attention to the lamentable condition of many of the labouring classes; it has stirred on even the most careless to do something, however small, for their benefit; it has made the generous and the good fertile in works and organizations of mercy. What is done has a strong Socialist tinge; but how glad and how grateful ought we to be that it is done. Along with whatever philanthropic blessings Socialism may have achieved or caused, it will not rest till it has accomplished a reform which lies at the root of England's future prosperity. It is evident that the large farm system is, in all its operations and consequences, most ruinous. It is ruinous to the farmer, by preventing him from carrying on his employment, except with inadequate capital. It is ruinous to agriculture, by offering every hindrance to its scientific development. It is ruinous to the rural population, by destroying those gradations of rank which are so wholesome in a community, by diminishing the demand for labour, and by degrading numberless thousands who ought to be our noble and

stalwart yeomanry, into the brutality, ignorance, and pollution of serfs. It is ruinous to society in general, by overcrowding our towns, by lowering wages, by increasing competition, and by robbing the land of the hands needed for its proper cultivation, and which it is so well able to maintain. Socialism, the foe of Political Economy, will not pause before it has covered England with yeomen, each possessing, with kingly industry, his own little farm, and the representative of sturdy English virtues.

In the fifth place, Socialism is an eloquent and vigorous pleading in favour of co-operation. Society, as a whole, is one large co-operative institution. And for many of its most important enjoyments it is indebted to co-operative effort. There can be no harm, therefore, but infinite benefit in encouraging among working men every kind of voluntary co-operative endeavour. But this must be done, not from jealous hate of the rich, or as an onslaught on capital and capitalists, or as an assertion of the unmitigated evils of competition, but simply as a natural, tranquil, conservative manifestation of combined energy. One of the most monstrous blunders which Socialism has made is in representing all the woes of the community as arising from competition. As the energetic stimulus to exertion and enterprise, as the fruitful mother of useful and beautiful inventions—competition has conferred the grandest and most lasting advantages on our race. Banish competition, and you bring man back to barbarism. Competition must exist and operate in the Future as in the Past, unless the entire frame of things is to be thrown into a Dead Sea of stagnancy. Socialism must cease its silly babble about competition if it ardently desire to succeed in its co-operative efforts. Whatever Co-operation Socialism introduces must be the extension of something already in being, not an outpouring of fresh facts, the products of fresh principles, in and of our civilization, not apart from, or antagonistic to it—a healing, not a dismembering process. All Socialist co-operation which has assumed a self-righteous attitude of conflict with society in its complete organic life and constitution has perished ingloriously, and has encountered a contempt as great and merited as its disasters.

In the sixth place, Socialism has been, and is, a grand revolutionary agency. It has been so in France to a most formidable extent; it is aspiring to be so in England. Still, the majority of Socialists do certainly not cherish revolutionary tendencies, and it is wrong to accuse them in the mass of such. And it is doubtful whether those who use Socialism as a revolutionary weapon are Socialists at heart. Their trade is that of Revolutionists, and to be prosperous in that trade they cannot afford to be scrupulous about the means. They seize Socialism because it helps them to accomplish their objects; but they would be just as ready to oppose Socialism if it thwarted their audacious schemes. They have no regard for one government more than another; they have no pity for the miseries of the people; it is not indignation at wrong, or hatred of oppression, or even the lust for power, which makes them conspire and agitate: but they are revolutionists as other men are poets, or orators, or aught else. Give them the form of government which they have shed their own blood and spilt that of their neighbours to establish to-day, and they will strive with all their might to upset it on the morrow. There is nothing, then, in Socialism by itself of a revolutionary tendency; it is not nearly so well adapted for political action as strictly political instruments. But you cannot hinder the Revolutionist from turning it to political purposes when the political spear has been shivered to pieces in his grasp.

Let this rapid sketch serve as an introduction to the work of M. BREYNAT, to which we shall return in a subsequent article.

ATTICUS.

MUSIC.

The Forest Hunter's Glee. Words by W. BALL, Music by C. E. STEPHENS. London: Addison & Co.

A VERY spirited glee for an alto, two tenors, and bass. The words are both in German and in English. The freshness and originality of the composition are a pleasant change from the dullness of our drawing-room music.

MR. AGUILAR'S CONCERT.—The crowded and fashionable audience assembled on Wednesday evening last, at the Hanover-square Rooms, proved that Mr. AGUILAR's energy and enterprising spirit in providing such an elegant and classical entertainment as his programme presented was justly appreciated. The principal feature of the evening was a masterly performance of Mr. AGUILAR's symphony in *Eminor*, by an orchestra composed of the élite of the Royal Italian Opera Band. Of this work it is scarcely possible to speak in too high terms of praise. The instrumentation is full and rich, and at the same time clear. The subjects are sometimes vigorous, sometimes tender, always melodious and expressive. The form of the various movements is as simple and intelligible as those well acquainted with the most classic models could desire. Besides distinguishing himself as a composer, Mr. AGUILAR proved himself a pianist of a very superior order by his performance of MENDELSSOHN's magnificent G minor concertos. In the vocal department Mr. AGUILAR was assisted by Miss BIRCH, who sung, among other things, a descriptive song of his composition, with orchestral accompaniments, entitled *Edith*, with great feeling and expression. Miss DOLBY, Miss MESSENT, Mdlle. GRAUMANN, Herr STIGELLI, Signor MARCHESI, and Herr FORMES. The instrumentalists were Herr ERNST and Signor BOTTEGINI. After such a catalogue of distinguished names, it is scarcely needful to add that the concert gave complete satisfaction to all present. Herr ANSCHUEZ, as orchestral conductor, M. WILLY, as leader, and M. SCHIMON, as *pianiste accompagnateur*, performed their various duties in the most efficient and satisfactory manner.

Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

M. AUBER's opera, *La Corbeille d'Orange*, was produced a few days since at the Grand Opéra of Paris. —Mdlle. Anais, whose wondrous youth has been admired among the attractions of the Théâtre Français for far more years than it would be courteous to count, has at last taken leave of the theatre.—The Brussels papers assure us that M. Meyerbeer is expected immediately in Paris, to distribute the parts and provide for the production of *L'Africaine* during the month of November.—The Sacred Harmonic Society seems to be most acceptably catering for the pleasure of the Exhibition-goers, by performing *Elijah* and the *Messiah* to crowded audiences. Mr. Lumley has announced Opera-nights for the Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of the week.—Jenny Lind has returned to New York, and was to give two concerts at Castle Garden. Her rite through the western part of the States has been remarkably successful. She has realized already a much larger sum than she expected when she first made her arrangement with Mr. Barnum. Some persons estimate her profits at nearly half million of dollars.

—Madame George Sand has given another dramatic piece to the public. It is in four acts, and the great Molière is the hero. Like everything that flows from the pen of this remarkable writer, the play possesses great literary merit; but it is more adapted for the closet than the stage, as it contains little dramatic incident. It is what the French call an *étude* of the heart of the poet; that is, represents him to us writhing under the moral torture which the infidelities of his wife occasioned.—Professor Kinkel, who has considerable literary reputation in Germany, is delivering a course of lectures at Willis's Rooms on the drama and its influence. In the fourth, which he gave on Monday week, he laid down an ingenious theory, by which he deduced the structure and peculiarities of the Elizabethan drama from the Ancient Mysteries which preceded it, and thus explained that close connexion between the middle ages and modern times in England which is not to be found in France, Spain, or Germany. The lectures, which are in German, are to be twelve in number, and will be delivered on every succeeding Monday till the course is finished.

ART JOURNAL.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
[SECOND NOTICE.]

We will resume our notice of the Royal Academy with the pictures of Mr. FRITH, A.R.A. No. 294, *Hogarth*

brought before the Governor of Calais as a Spy. WALPOLE says, in one of his letters, that HOGARTH, during a visit he made to France, in the peace, was seized and carried before the Governor, having been found making a sketch of the Gate of Calais. This picture contains a vast amount of conventional design, with much attractive, though with untrue and slipshod execution; the face of HOGARTH is very ordinary and without character or individuality. The most successful portion of the work is, perhaps, the head of a secretary, who is holding one of the sketches taken from the person of HOGARTH, and evidently much amused with it; there is a little man in the crowd enforcing his argument, as all little men have done since the time of HOGARTH, by pointing the forefinger of one hand into the palm of the other; this is as regular a matter of design as a "point" in acting is with conventional actors. The execution of the whole requires solidity, and a certain gaudiness of colour might be dispensed with to a great advantage. No. 502 also, *A Gleacher*, has the same faults; great conventionality of design and mannerism of execution.

Mr. EGG, A.R.A. No. 420. *Pepys' Introduction to Nell Gwynne* is, we think, very unworthy of the artist; an unpleasing heaviness pervades it: the character and expression is less delicate and less studied than usual; the head of PEPPYS himself is a redeeming point in the picture, and well conveys the gossiping diarist's character.

Of Mr. FROST, A.R.A., we should be sorry to say much, there being absolutely nothing to notice in his pictures, Nos. 407, 560. The usual Nymphs, with their ill-drawn limbs, inane faces, and the colour peculiar to the painter, but to nothing else, either in nature or art. It will be nothing new to observers of his works to say that the hands strikingly resemble each other, and what we have seen for half-a-dozen years ago, they are so much alike that even the distinction of sex is unmarked. Compare the *Hylas* in No. 560 with the nymphs around him, from whom his head is only distinguished by a different arrangement of the hair; the subjects are, *Hylas and Wood Nymphs*.

Mr. POOLE, A.R.A., displays in his *Goths in Italy*, No. 344, a group of the emasculated warriors scattered round a fountain; some of his best qualities and some of his very worst, a true, original and powerful grasp of the subject and a genuine feeling for art, with admirable colour, but a total neglect of drawing and proportion, which is not worthy of the painter of *Solomon Eagle*. Many of the heads are quite distorted, yet over the whole of this picture a deep poetic feeling runs, which makes us only regret that so little care is taken in working it out.

Mr. ELMORE, A.R.A., has become, we fear, a confirmed mannerist; his picture, No. 487, *Hotspur and the Fox*, has less of a certain grace and elegance, with more of his coarse qualities, than we remember to have seen in any of his works hitherto.

Mr. E. M. WARD, A.R.A., sends three works of very different merit: No. 136, *The Novel Reader*, a clever genre ordinary sketch of a lady in dishabille, reading. No. 185, *The Royal Family of France in Prison in the Temple*. The King, who is uneasily sleeping on a couch, is well designed; his expression is excellent, and there is more of care, we mean of reference to nature, than the painter ever exhibited before. The head of the Queen, care-worn and pale, is very good; she is mending the king's coat during his repose. There is also the head and design of the figure of Madame ELIZABETH, who is represented amusing the Dauphin; her face is lady-like and natural: the entire effect of light and shade seems truly and powerful. We have to congratulate Mr. WARD on great improvement in this work, as we wish we could in the third, No. 430, *John Gilpin delayed by his Customers*. The subject is well expressed, but the execution is coarse and the colour disagreeable (where there was so good an opportunity for display in this respect) that we can only regret the same care was not given to this as to the former.

No. 399, *Rinaldo destroys the Myrtle in the Enchanted Forest*, by Mr. F. R. PICKERSGILL, A.R.A., will surprise the visitors by its position on the line, being utterly unable to endure an examination; with no new qualities of design, the execution is so exceedingly bad, that we wonder how so careless and coarse a work could proceed from a hand which had a brilliant and felicitous command of materials. Very ordinary and weighty Nymphs turn lumbering (to use a backwoodsman's term) away: there is not a single limb, whether of wood or what is meant for flesh, which is rightly drawn: they are certainly all spirits of oak trees, from the great amount of tannin in their complexions. The heads throughout are what Mr. Frost might have done when he was ten years of age, if in a robust state of health.

(To be continued.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF FINE ARTS, PORTLAND GALLERY, REGENT-STREET.

THIS Exhibition of Pictures shows a considerable advance in many qualities upon the previous ones. Of course, in an institution which has but slight power of rejection, there are very many works decidedly bad, and a large majority which are very inferior in every respect, but still many others redeem the character of the whole, and render the gallery worthy of a visit.

Mr. BURCHETT's picture, No. 2, *The Death of the Venerable Bede*, contains great points of good design, and very much well-studied and true expression. Its execution, on the whole, is extremely careful and solid; if it were not for an unpleasant heaviness and opacity of the shadows, which suggests that a large portion of this picture was painted at night by gas-light, there would be little fault to find in it, except that the flesh tints are not what the study from nature should produce.

There are many excellent landscapes, as No. 37, by E. WILLIAMS, sen.; No. 47, by G. A. WILLIAMS, *A Kentish Farm Cottage*, delightfully from nature; No. 48, by J. C. BENTLEY, *A Country Lane*, excellent, though rather cold in tone; as well as M. G. A. WILLIAMS' other works, Nos. 72, 73, 74, 178, 182, 205, 243, are all well worthy of praise. Messrs. E. WILLIAMS and J. C. WILLIAMS should share in the same praise.

No. 53, *The Banishment of Hamlet*, by Mr. W. H. DEVERELL, exhibits many excellent qualities, amongst them, a singular power in flesh tints, as seen in the hands and head of the king—great brilliancy of colour in representing texture. The figure and head of Hamlet is admirably designed, and, on the whole, if this picture were more completely finished, it would be undoubtedly the most perfect and promising work in the rooms. We have great hopes of the artist.

No. 67 is an exquisite *Portrait*, by Mr. J. HARRIS, of a very beautiful lady, beautifully painted.

Mr. J. BELL's (No. 84,) *Edcwin and Angelina*, is repulsively crude—one of the most wretched attempts at sentiment we ever saw. Mr. BELL has succeeded in reaching the lowest depths of art, even lower, we think, than the Charity Children abominations of Mr. BARRAUD, of which there are several here: perhaps the less that is said of them the better.

No. 92, *The Road to the Common*, is very good, though sketchy.

No. 177, *An Incident in the Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, by J. COLLINSON, shows great artistic skill, with much power of expression, and immense care. The only thing to object to in this picture, perhaps, is a want of richness of colour and relief; the whole effect is dry, though by no means poor. The effect of light is very truly given, and the perspective most accurately studied.

A little *Sketch of Venice*, by W. OLIVER, 192, is very clever. The colour of the water in the canal admirably given.

No. 216, *The Martyr of Antioch*, Miss M. GILLES, is a most ridiculous attempt at the sublime. Before this lady soars so high, she should acquire the common rudiments of the art of drawing: the face in this picture is miserably incorrect.

The reader will hardly believe that one artist has swept no less than sixteen works into this exhibition. Mr. NIEMAN, whose meretricious and tricky style of landscape we have often had occasion to condemn, is the Hercules of this Augean task. Of his capacity to represent Macbeth, we only instance that of one of these works, a subject which represents the Thane of Cawdor; he is dressed in a suit of armour of the date of Richard III. This seems scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless the fact; see No. 224.

We miss many artists' wonted contributions to this exhibition; among others, Mr. BUSS, whose delightful and original works from *Don Quixote* afforded universal amusement, seems to have left us.

EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF THE MOST EMINENT MODERN BRITISH PAINTERS.

Mr. WASS'S GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street.

THIS, a re-showing by Mr. WASS of many pictures that had "retired" from public view, for which the lovers of art will thank him, as it affords them an opportunity of seeing works which were inaccessible generally, and many of them the most famous masterpieces of the artists. All the world will be glad to see POOLE'S *Solomon Eagle* again, and many who have not seen it will now take advantage of its presence here, to go for that purpose, even if there were no attraction in one of MACLISE'S greatest works and several unsurpassed ENTRYS.

Let us commence our notice with the first-mentioned picture, this is one which brought its artist suddenly into great fame, and is referred to now, as one of the most successful of British paintings.

Every one has heard of POOLE'S *Solomon Eagle*, but every body has not seen it; let us, then, endeavour to describe it. In the centre of a numerous group of figures stands the figure of *Solomon Eagle*, eagerly and impressively denouncing the wrath of God upon the city. He seems to sway himself in the earnestness of denunciation; one hand upraised, with pointed finger, the other holding a book, upon his head a burning brasier, in a broad and sepulchral-looking light, which presents him one of the most perfect pieces of design from the hand of any artist. In the great circle around, some are conversing, some look sick with fear, some regard with earnestness the preacher, some are already plague-stricken, others are evidently sunken in bewilderment of the present and approaching horror. Immediately in the foreground, reclining in the lap of a man who appears to be recovering from an attack, lies a boy whose face and attitude is wonderful, half huddled up, with his eyes looking at the speaker; his action alone seems to draw us at once into the circle—

so like life, and, therefore, so sympathetic with us is it! Among the other figures, is a woman seated reading by her side is a strong man abandoning himself in desperate resignation, the colour of whose dress is most excellent. Just behind, rushes out of a house, marked as infected, a young man raving in the agony of the plague. Further back, are others gambling—one asleep. On the other side of Eagle stands a figure, masked, and in a cloak, whose introduction is most admirable, and suggesting a mysteriousness which adds to the interest of the picture. It is intended for that of a woman who, in the narratives of the time, is described as having lost every friend, and thus desolate, followed the denouement of war through the streets witnessing the effects of desolation upon others. In front of this last is, resting on the pavement, a man, his cheek on his hand, whose head is a most singular piece of expression, most novel and appropriate. We see into a house on one side, where is visible one of the plague-stricken, raving; a corpse is being lowered from the window above; behind, are men bearing off the body of a dead girl. This picture, whatever objection may be made to the awful repulsiveness of its subject, is undeniably a master-piece of art, and, beyond all question, equal, if not far superior, to any similar one by any of the Old Masters; and, if it had been painted by one of the latter, would long ago have been in the National Gallery, maugre the subject.

No. 7, is one of MULLER'S delightful landscapes; a true piece of English country scenery. No. 11, *The Nile, looking towards Cairo*—an admirable view in Egypt; and No. 50, *The Encampment in Syria*, are by the same artist.

No. 6, *Head of Judas*; 8, *Portrait*; 9, *Venus and Cupid* (this is rather vulgar in execution); 10, *Ecc Homo*; 11, *Venus and Cupid*; 15, *Study of a Peacock*, painted with a sullen gorgeousness, worthy of the artist; 21, *St. John*; 24, *Zephyrus and Aurora*, an exquisite piece of flesh colour; 25, *The Graces*; 26, *Study of a Head*; 27, 28, 29 (the famous Joan of Arc pictures, lately at the Academy); *Youth at the Helm and Pleasure at the Prow*, sketch for the Vernon picture; 31, *Andromeda*; 46, *Flemish Courtship*; 49, *Dead Game*: with No. 40, *Godfrey de Bouillon, the Crusader, arming for Battle* (in our estimation, the most perfect work of the painter). No. 48, *Sabrina*; and lastly, No. 51, *The Judgment of Paris*, are by Mr. ENTRY, and form a collection of his works which his admirers seldom see.

Mr. HERBERT'S *Christ and the Woman of Samaria*, shows how an artist may improve; for this is one of the most incorrect pictures, as regards proportion, we ever saw. The figure of Christ seems to be only adapted for its attitude of sitting, being lamentable short in the thighs; his action is lackadaisical, and the head, though showing much capacity for expression, very poor and weak. The woman, with large vacant eyes, stands propped against the canvas, and, but for the stiffness of her draperies, would be in great danger of falling.

Mr. TURNER'S *Burning of the House of Parliament*, strikes us as, standing near the door of the room we look at it, as one of his most admirable works. The reflection of the flames on the water, and general power of the whole, remove it from the power of words to describe.

No. 17, Sir C. EASTLAKE'S *Gaston de Foix, before the Battle of Ravenna*—a leave-taking scene; though weak in colour and slight in drawing, and without any great interest in novelty of design or expression, strikes agreeably from a general air of elegance it possesses.

No. 20, *Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield*, by Mr. LESLIE, was one of the admirable pictures which induced that flood of mediocrity from which we are only just delivered. It represents the visit of the town ladies to the vicarage—let us only mention the admirable grace of the vicar's daughters, one of whom sits listening to the voluble talk of their visitors, in a most quiet graceful astonishment, just as one of nature's ladies might; the others of the family are gathered round about them. Farmer Flambrough will be noticed, as a capital rendering of character. The whole of the picture, though rather more crude in colour than usual, is perfect, and the flesh more like nature than any of a hundred works of a hotter tone. This picture is private property, and, not like the rest, for sale. It is valued at one thousand guineas, and, we believe, fetched that price.

No. 22, DAVID ROBERTS, R.A., *The Isle of Philae on the Nile*, is one of his most successful works.

No. 42, J. LINNELL, *The Hill-side Farm, Isle of Wight*, contains some very truthful painting from nature; the sky is brilliant and effective; the whole of the picture is remarkably free from the artist's characteristic hotness. The ground and trees are beautifully finished.

We wish we could speak at length of No. 44, by Mr. MACLISE, *Bohemian Gipsies*, but doing so would give no idea of the variety, the character, the justness of design and incident, the high qualities of invention, the truth and powerful finish of which it is full. The picture, one of his greatest works, is worthy of hours of study, and by that alone can its excellencies be discovered. We recommend its earnest observation to all who take delight in nature or the rendering of nature in art.

This exhibition, which contains but fifty pictures, just enough for every one to find subjects for his own

taste, without a laborious dragging through a multitude of various work, comprises a number of pictures, such as we remember no others to have brought together. Besides those we have mentioned, here are others by E. M. WARD, A.R.A., ROTHWELL, HART, R.A., COPE, R.A., STANFIELD, R.A., CRESWICK, SYDNEY COOPER, A.R.A., PAYE, and LANCE, all excellent specimens of their power.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

AMONG many excellent drawings by J. H. MC KEWAN, the most striking, perhaps, is a view of Snowdon, No. 226. The valley, its streams and solitary pine tree, repose in the clear yet deep shades of evening, while Snowdon's cloud-mantled summit is still lighted by the last rays of the setting sun. *The Brave Old Oak*, No. 135, is bravely done; it is the prominent object of one of those spots deep in the forest, where the timid deer are free from fear of disturbance. No. 12, *A Welsh Mountain Stream*, is deliciously fresh, and remarkable for the transparency and colouring of the water.

C. H. WEIGALL stands high as a painter of animals and birds in water-colour; his *Disputed Claim*, No. 16, is very spirited; it represents Vulture and Hyena pouncing at the same instant upon the carcass of a chamois, the vulture seems likely to become victor, although the enraged animal is about to enforce by combat his equal title to the prey: the bird's plumage is capital. We are well acquainted with his *Game Cock* of No. 90.

Mr. BENNETT is equally to be commended for his talent and industry. *Barden Tower*, No. 78, is peculiarly pleasing. The Rhine-like river is banked by wooded hills, in distance seen through the mist of passing showers, while from a blue vista in the watery sky, a stream of sunlight is poured upon the hollow walls of the old tower. Not less charming is his *Llugwy, N. Wales*, deservedly a favourite subject for the pencil; it has received ample justice from that of Mr. BENNETT. Although we have already noticed some of CHARLES DAVIDSON's drawings, we cannot resist a glance or two more towards them. *Shire Church*, No. 33, is a most enviable bit; it depicts a village church with its time-worn tomb-stones and flowery churchyard, bounded by a rough stone wall, which shuts off a shady rutted lane, where through the shade of spreading boughs, the chequered light plays upon some felled trees, discovering in the distant thicket a thoroughly rural cottage. In No. 37 we see a perfect contrast to his spring lanes and sunny hay-fields. On the brow of a hill overlooking autumn-tinted woods, are two almost leafless trees, casting the long shadows of their bare arms upon the still fresh grass beneath. The effect of that soft glowing sunlight peculiar to the evening of the year is admirably given.

The sea pieces of THOMAS S. ROBINS are vigorous and truthful, and were it not for the remembrance of CALLOW and BENTLEY, we should feel disposed to call him the best master of his style. *Rochester Shrimpers*, No. 43, is an example of what he can do. A party of fishermen persevere in their labours in spite of warning clouds and familiar sea gulls, while a spiteful chopping sea threatens to drive them landward. We have seldom seen sea more successfully depicted: the composition is spirited and artistic.

Mr. CORNISH, in his architectural subjects, merits particular observation on account of his precision, not that of the mere copyist, but that which transcribes aright the character and expression, whether sublime or graceful, of the subject. In No. 44, *Vestibule of St. Mark's, Venice*, are fine effects of light and shade; the gilded dome shines in the full glow of unobstructed light, while in the comparatively dark aisle smooth pillars of many-coloured marbles are just visible.

A pretty and suggestive picture is FANNY CORBEAUX'S *Stranger*, No. 55. Mrs. HEMANS would have been pleased to see her sweet lines so gracefully illustrated.

No. 62, *Sir Thomas Gresham's Promise*, by E. H. WEHNERT, tells no story, and truly needs the long explanation given of it in the catalogue. The artist's fault, however, is much less in the treatment, than in his want of judgment in the selection of his subject. It is to be regretted that he did not choose the representation of some event which would have afforded greater scope to the exercise of his talents, which, in figure-drawing especially, are very great.

We were about to call theatrical E. H. CORBOULD'S *Fides Disclaiming her Son*, No. 84, but upon referring to the catalogue, conclude that it is intended to represent the scene as played at the opera. This understood, the picture has our full commendation. The figure speaks, and a woman and child on the right (if we may be allowed the comparison), for grace, and the colouring of the flesh, are worthy of Frost's genius.

A most interesting subject and most poetically portrayed, is J. H. EGVILLE'S *Doorway to the Temple of Balbec*, No. 47. We see massive temples which had defied all human strength, by the breath of time.

"Laid open to the summer sky,"

The silent home of the lonely stork. A group of weary figures, who repose among the stones, rather add than otherwise to the quiet of the picture.

S. L. ROWBOTHAM'S *Clearing a Wreck on the South Coast*, describes a shattered vessel bathed by the calm retreating tide under a sun-set, which

some might call exaggerated, but which we know to be true. Upon examination there will be found much sentiment in this drawing.

If we wish to be cheered by a fresh happy picture we must not pass *The Fisherman's Life*, by J. H. MOLE. The boy and child in playful contention over a piece of sea-weed are capital, and form a fine contrast to a pretty sad looking girl, whose lover is about to start with his nets. The artist has shown much talent both in the conception and execution of his subject.

All must be pleased with WARREN'S *Death of the First Born*, No. 122, on account of its masterly execution and great pathos. We see a lonely woman bending over her dead child in the silent night, and remember the happy inmates of houses by whose blood-stained lintels the destroying angel has passed.

We must look awhile at H. WEBER'S *basking pigs*, supremely happy ducks, and well-to-do-cows of No. 147. He is admirable in the farm yard.

Talk of the Studios.

MR. LOUGH has received a commission to execute in marble his fine group of Michael and Satan, now on the floor of the transept in the Palace of Glass.—A large stained lancet-shaped window is about to be erected in the north transept of Salisbury Cathedral, by the officers of the 63rd Regiment, in memory of the officers and men of that regiment who fell during the Sikh war.—In the *Art-Circular* we observe a proposal to institute a general subscription, as *Shakspeare's Pence*, for the purpose of erecting a building in the metropolis to be adorned with illustrations from the works of Shakspeare.—The Dudley Gallery of Pictures at the Egyptian hall will be open to the public between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon, every day in the week, except Mondays, from the 21st instant to the 30th of July, after which it may be seen, as heretofore, by cards of admission.—The pictures forming the Bridgewater collection are now all arranged, and hung in the new mansion of the Earl of Ellesmere, in Cleveland-square, St. James's, and the gallery will be opened to the public on Monday next.

The Brussels Herald says:—The plan for the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Queen of the Belgians, in the parish church of Ostend, has been intrusted by the communal administration to Mr. Balat, architect, and Mr. Fraikin, statuary. This plan has been submitted to Government.—A picture, painted by the late Sir David Wilkie, has arrived at Liverpool by a vessel from New Orleans. This picture, which is called the "Grace before Meat," was painted by this great artist to the order of a gentleman in America, in whose possession it has until now remained.—In accordance with a wish expressed shortly before his death by the late president of the Royal Scottish Academy, Sir William Allan, his collected pictures are now being exhibited in his native city, at Mr. Hill's galleries, Edinburgh. So readily have the applications of the executors been responded to, that scarcely one of Allan's works of any note is wanting.—At a meeting held at the Alliance Life Assurance Office on Tuesday, for the purpose of entering into resolutions for the erection of a memorial in honour of the late Sir Robert Peel, it was determined that a committee should be appointed consisting of twelve members; that the memorial should be a bronze statue, ten feet in height, and that the amount to be paid for it should be 2,000*£*. The site will be either at the west end of Cheapside, or in the space at the east end of the Royal Exchange.—Powers' Statute of Calhoun constitutes a prominent object of interest to the visitor in Charleston. It occupies a very unfortunate position in a cheerless apartment of the City Hall. "It would be unfair to form an opinion of it as a work of art," says a paper quoted by *The Literary World*, "while it stands in so bad a light, to say nothing of its discolouration by the salt water, and its mutilation in the loss of the right arm. The figure, however, is very noble, and the likeness well nigh perfect."—By the way, amongst a number of capital daguerreotype likenesses of American celebrities, in the U.S. division of the International Exhibition, there is one of Calhoun: a strange weird-looking mortal he is.—Some very interesting excavations have been recently carried on in the vicinity of Athens, under the direction of M. Pittaki, inspector of antiquities, at the instance of the Archaeological Society. The result of these researches has been the discovery of a great number of fragments of statues of the best masters, and heads, besides upwards of hundred inscriptions, of a most curious character, some of which are in the shape of decrees during the Peloponnesian war, with catalogues of the towns in alliance with Athens. The edifice from the ruins of which these were taken, was of a senatorial character, as appears from four of the inscriptions brought to light.—The Secretary of Public Instruction at Vienna, M. de Thun, has ordered that an especial department of arts should be constituted within the *ressort* of his ministry, at the head of which is to be placed his brother, M. Franz de Thun, whose art-activity at Prague has been praiseworthy.—*The Atheneum* thus notices Mr. Hogarth's present exhibitions of some of the works of the Sketching Society. It is rich in specimens of the various artists; in which it is even more interesting to observe the varieties of treatment suggested by a common subject than the special excellencies of each. Of this there could be no better instance than the

subject of "An Engagement." Mr. J. J. Chalon makes it military.—Mr. Stanfield marine.—Mr. A. E. Chalon, matrimonial. "Calm after a Storm" is treated by Mr. Stanfield as the day after a battle,—by Mr. UWINS, it is a wayward child put to bed, and then visited by his parents. "A Début" has provoked much humour. Mr. Leslie and Mr. A. E. Chalon show the manager leading the *débutante* to the footlights—Mr. Stanfield, the terrified sailor-boy at the end of the yard-arm—Mr. UWINS, a country girl entering service—Mr. J. J. Chalon, a grotesque group formed by a would-be skater, whose legs support him so ill on the frozen surface as to need the aid of the two friends between whom he tries to keep his balance. There are two very opposite treatments of a "Conversazione." By Mr. A. E. Chalon, it is a party of fashion, gallants and ladies; by Mr. Leslie, it is a party of savans, in which eager listeners are attending to the demonstration of some learned professor, while a scientific bishop sips his coffee, and some odd-looking people form the groups. "A very great Connoisseur indeed looking at a Picture" has met with very whimsical treatment by the Messrs. Chalon. The peculiarities of a class are very ingeniously and good-naturedly satirized by them. Taken altogether, we know of no present exhibition containing more variety of subject, fancy of thought, and, in many instances, playful humour than this. There are imitations of early masters also. Mr. Leslie imitates Kneller, Mr. Stanfield, Salvator Ross and Claude, and Mr. A. E. Chalon, Reynolds.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

NEW PIECES.

Her Majesty's Theatre. *Fidelio*. Opera, by BEETHOVEN.

Royal Italian Opera.... *Fidelio*. Opera, by BEETHOVEN.

Drury Lane *Ingomar*.
Haymarket *Crown Diamonds*.

Lyceum *Only a Clod*.

Punch's Playhouse ... *A Cheap Excursion*.

THAT the age does not appreciate the things of the age has been a lamentable truth, with one or two exceptions few and far between, since first arts and sciences were followed. BEETHOVEN was no exception to this rule, though one would have thought that genius like his would have been acknowledged, and triumphantly supported, even though oppressed by the sneers and indifference of such men as GOETHE and CHERUBINI. *Fidelio* was the only opera composed by this, now recognised, great man. The indifference of the cognacents of his day, and the more than equivocal success of his only opera, so disgusted the composer that he resolved never to attempt an opera again. The history of BEETHOVEN'S *Fidelio* is as follows:—The libretto was originally written in his own language by a Frenchman of the name of PAER, and produced in Paris, where BEETHOVEN was so charmed with the story, that he is reported to have said to PAER, meeting him in the theatre, "I am enchanted by your opera; it is most interesting; I must write music for it." The opera was finished about the year 1805, and produced in the same year at Vienna, under the title of *Leonora*, the libretto having been written in German by JOSEPH SONNLEITHNER. The French military, who at that time occupied Vienna, did not relish the purity and simplicity of the music, and set their faces steadfastly against its success. It was only played three times. Some time elapsed, and BREMMING altered the libretto, and the name also (at BEETHOVEN'S suggestion) to *Fidelio*. Again it was unsuccessful, and the poor composer was utterly disheartened (for he had counted on his opera to recruit his slender means), and its failure left poverty and neglect but too clearly before his eyes. He had written four overtures, two to *Leonora*, and two to *Fidelio*; these were performed in England by the Philharmonic, in 1815, but met with no great success. The Opera was performed, for the first time in England, at Her Majesty's, in the year 1835; three years afterwards at Covent Garden, when MALLIBRAN played *Fidelio*. It was then repeated by a German company at the St. James's Theatre, and in 1841, 1842, and 1847, by German companies at Drury Lane, but never marked by any degree of success. FORMES made his first appearance in this opera in 1849, but the majority of the company were so very inferior that the best music in the world would have fallen unrelished from their lips. It was reserved for this unmusical nation to render a just tribute to that genius which had so long mourned unappreciated; and had the shade of the Great Master visited Her Majesty's on Tuesday, the 20th, the pleasure of seeing and hearing the offspring of his mind so well performed, and so unanimously and rapturously greeted, would have almost obliterated his feelings of pity for the people who, in his lifetime, ignored his title to fame, and at his death lavished upon a monument an amount of treasure, the quartet of which, and a little sympathy, would have sweetened his latter days, and most probably have given to the world

some additions to the never-dying music he has left behind him. The scene of *Fidelio* is laid in a fortress near Seville. *Don Pizzaro*, the governor of the fortress, has immured *Don Florenstein*, a state prisoner, in one of the deepest cells, and spread a report of his death, for some reason best known to himself. *Leonora*, the faithful wife of *Florenstein*, does not believe this report; but, in the disguise of a boy, and under the name of *Fidelio*, obtains access to the prison, where her kindness and amiability gain her the love of all the inmates, most especially the daughter of the principal gaoler, *Marcellini*, who forsakes her quondam lover, *Jacquino*, a porter, for the handsome boy. On hearing that the Minister of the Interior is coming to inspect the prisoners, *Don Pizzaro's* fears for *Florenstein* are renewed; he resolves to have him murdered, and lays his plans before *Rocco* the gaoler. *Rocco* refuses to murder his prisoner, but offers to make a grave if *Pizzaro* will strike the blow. All this amiable arrangement is overheard by *Fidelio*, who promises to assist in digging the grave, with a view to save her husband, whom she instantly recognises by his voice, rushes between the assassin and his victim, and discloses herself. *Pizzaro* is all amazement, and a trumpet in the distance, announcing the arrival of the Minister, increases his confusion; he is of course disgraced, and *Florenstein* and his faithful spouse live happily all the days of their life. The re-appearance of Mlle. CRUVELLI was greeted with an enthusiasm which her acting and singing from the first to the last richly merited. She was one of the great stars in Mr. LUMLEY's company at the *Theatre des Italiens*, in Paris. The French *habitués* were mad about her; nothing was heard in Paris but the praise of *La jeune et la belle Cruvelli*. The first part she played in England was, I think, that of *Abigail* in *Nino*, about four years ago, since that she has improved wonderfully; there was a certain harshness and stringiness in her voice that has now completely given way to a smooth and honed melody. This was her first appearance in the arduous part of *Fidelio*, and I have seldom seen on any stage a part so evenly and artistically performed. In the grave-digging scene, her hopes and fears, aided by the wonderfully expressive accompaniment, were given with a truth and power of vocalization not easily surpassed. She was called repeatedly before the curtain to receive the orations of her many and enthusiastic admirers. Mr. SIMS REEVE's re-appearance was also very warmly greeted, and he sang his part of *Florenstein* with great taste and sweetness. COLETTI was the *Pizzaro*. The whole opera was put on the stage in a manner which does great credit to all concerned. The chorus was strengthened by the assistance of six of the principal artists, GARDONI, CALZOLARI, MASSOL, F. LABLACHE, FERRANTI, and PARDINI. The orchestra was in a high state of efficiency; an obligato accompaniment for three horns and a bassoon, was played with wonderful truth and execution. It is the intention of the manager to have operatic performances on every evening in the week during the influx of visitors to the metropolis; these extra nights will be included in the subscription. The very excellent ballet of *Les Cosmopolites* has been repeated with great success. *Il Barbier* and Madam SONTAG's *Rosina* are too well known to need comment, but the *Figaro* of Signor FERRANTI (his first appearance in that character), is a performance of too much excellence and promise to be passed over. Signor FERRANTI made his *début* in England in ALARI's pretty opera, *Le Tre Nozze*, in which he exhibited an intelligence and well-conceived comedy that induced me to class him as the first *buffo* actor on the Italian stage. His second performance has fully justified my expectations of his eventually obtaining the first place in his own particular branch of his profession.

At the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, the Italian version of *Der Freischütz* has been repeated, with considerable emendations on last year's cast: TAMBERLIK has succeeded MAROTTI in the part of *Max*, and Mlle. BERTRALDI sustains the part of *Annette*, formerly sung by Mlle. VERA. These alterations give great strength to the cast; but the loss of MASSOL is not adequately supplied by TAGLIFICO. The *Caspar* of Herr FORMES is a very grand conception of the character; the gloom and desperation of the doomed hunter is splendidly rendered. The scenic effects (as a matter of course at this theatre) are all that can be desired, and the chorus as effective as usual. The *Fidelio* at this opera is, comparatively speaking, a failure.

Mr. WEBSTER has engaged an operatic company at THE HAYMARKET, which bids fairly for success. Miss LOUISA PYNE, who made so successful a *début* at the Princess's during Mr. MADDOX's management, in MACFARREN's pretty opera of *Charles the Second*, appeared here for the first time in AUBER's comic opera, *The Crown Jewels*, and proved that our native talent is not so vastly behind our neighbours as some would have us believe. The entire opera is successful, and the orchestra, under Mr. ALFRED MELLON (a violinist of considerable promise), is in a very efficient state. It

has been often remarked that we have never had, of late years, an English opera of any merit. The vacuum among our public amusements is now filled, and we can fairly state that we have every species of dramatic entertainment for the amusement of our numerous visitors.

A very neat translation of the *Payean de nos Jours*, lately played with great success in Paris, has been produced at THE LYCEUM under the title of *Only a Clod*. The moral this piece is intended to convey, is, that the haw-haw aristocracy are not so vastly superior to their rustic brethren as they suppose. This is proved at the expense of two young gentlemen, who, to escape the consequences of a duel, take refuge in a farm-house, and treat the farmer with the greatest contempt and coolness, and repay his hospitality by making love to his pretty wife. The *Clod*, however, shows himself their superior in everything, including intrigue, fencing, and knowledge of the "humanities;" and when told that nothing but his low birth shields him from chastisement, he astonishes his victims by showing them he is their equal in birth, as he is their superior in everything else. The farmer is capitally acted by Mr. C. MATHEWS, and his friends, Sir Cecil Beaumont (Mr. BELLINGHAM) and Mr. Babbleton (Mr. ROBERT ROXBURGH) are excellent types of the class they are intended to represent. Miss M. OLIVER represented as nice a little wife as any farmer could desire. *A Day of Reckoning* followed, which has been noticed here before as one of M. PLANCHE's best efforts. It is well worth seeing.

PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE has a farce entitled *A Cheap Excursion*, which cannot be described without spoiling the pleasure of seeing it. It is highly amusing—the farce irresistible, the jokes plentiful, and if not all exactly original, they have the benefit of being old friends, and are welcomed accordingly.

The Strand version of *The Vicar of Wakefield* has been revived at THE OLYMPIC. It is very attractive, and fills the benches of the theatre as they have not been filled for some time. The cast, with the exception of the late lamented Mrs. GLOVER, is the same as last year. Mr. H. FARREN's *Ephraim Jenkinson* is one of his best performances, and Mr. W. FARREN, jun.'s *Moses* is a first-rate piece of acting.

LORGNETTE.

THE COLOSSEUM.—This is one of the most attractive of the sights now open in London. The great picture of the metropolis itself, where every street, as almost every house, can be discerned, the Sculpture Gallery, the Swiss Cottages, the Stalactite Cavern, the ascending room, and the magnificent Cyclorama of the Earthquake at Lisbon, one of the greatest triumphs of pictorial art, will richly reward a visit. No stranger should come to London without seeing it.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The chemical professor to this establishment, Mr. J. H. PEPPER, has been engaged in delivering a most admirable lecture "On Fire in its various Relations." The lecturer commenced by calling the attention of his auditors to the ordinary appearance of light-giving flame, and showed, in a satisfactory manner, that when it afforded illuminating power, not merely gaseous matter was brought up to a high temperature, but solid substances, as charcoal, in a gas flame. Lime, in the oxy-hydrogen light, was absolutely required. The maintenance of the heat, and the supply of oxygen, were next considered. The interesting architecture, or structure of flame, was then considered; the external figure being conical, and shaped like a myrtle leaf, because the air rushed past the outside, and dragged up or elongated it. Some beautiful experiments with ascending and descending flames illustrated this part of the lecture. The professor concluded his subject with great applause from a very crowded audience.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

A NEW MUSEUM.—Prince Albert presided at the opening of the new National Museum of Practical Geology last week. The edifice in which the collection is arranged is in Jermyn-street, having one front in Piccadilly. The Museum owes its origin to Sir Henry de la Beche, and dates as far back as 1835. Since 1837 an extensive collection has gradually accumulated under the superintendence of the government. The specimens were originally kept in Craig's-court, Charing-cross, but as they have long outgrown their habitation, a new one has been provided, having an entrance in Jermyn-street, and a front in Piccadilly. It is entered from Jermyn-street, by a very spacious hall, which is devoted to the exhibition of all the building and ornamental stones of the British islands. In cases around the hall are specimens, in six-inch cubes, of most of the native sandstones, oolites, limestones, granites, and porphyries. The vestibule is faced with Derbyshire alabaster, pilasters of granite from Scotland, serpentine from Ireland; and beautiful limestones from Devonshire, Derbyshire, and other districts, are ranged round

the hall; and upon one side will be found a very elaborate screen, the pilasters and cornices of the Cornish, and the panels of the Irish serpentine, framed with Derbyshire productions. The hall is further ornamented with numerous pedestals in different native stones, supporting specimens of marble vases, statuettes, in artificial stone and cement. Ascending by a handsome staircase, at the sides of which specimens of British industrial art are placed, the principal floor of the museum is reached. This apartment is 95 feet long, 55 feet wide, 32 feet high to the springing of the roof, and 43 feet in the centre. The roof is of iron, and around the walls are two light galleries. The contents of the Museum embrace a vast variety of manufactured articles and an interesting series of earthenware and porcelain from the earliest times. Quantities of ores and the mode of dressing them, metal and earthenware statuettes, mining machinery and mining tools, cutlery and iron castings, are displayed in apartments of the building. The object of the museum is to illustrate the applications of geology to the useful purposes of life. The company assembled on Monday was composed of celebrities of all kinds. The following officers are connected with the museum:—Sir Henry de la Beche, C.B., director-general; Professor Ramsay, F.R.S., local director of the geological survey; Richard Phillips, Esq., F.R.S., curator and chemist; Dr. Lyon Playfair, F.R.S., chemist; Professor Edward Forbes, F.R.S., palaeontologist; Warrington W. Smith, Esq., M.A., mining geologist; Trenham Reeks, Esq., secretary and librarian; and Robert Hunt, Esq., keeper of the mining records.

Meetings of Scientific Societies.

ROYAL.—May 8.—The Earl of Rosse, President, in the chair.—A paper was read "On the Megatherium," by Professor Owen, illustrated by forty drawings of that extinct animal.

May 15.—The Earl of Rosse, President, in the chair.—A paper was read entitled "Report of Observations made upon the Tidal Streams of the English Channel and the German Ocean," by Captain Beechey.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—April 11.—H. R. H. Prince Albert, Vice-Patron, in the chair.—Prof. Faraday "On Atmospheric Magnetism."

May 2.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—The Astronomer Royal "On the Total Solar Eclipse of 1851, July 28."

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—May 5.—J. O. Westwood, Esq., President, in the chair.—The President announced a resolution of the council that during the Great Exhibition any foreign entomologist might see the Society's collection, on any day of the week, if accompanied by a member or subscriber.—Mr. S. Stevens exhibited a species of Curculionidae, of which he had not been able to determine the name, but which was new to Britain; also a specimen of *Adela cuprella*, the second known British species:—both captured recently on sallows at Fenny Stratford. He likewise exhibited a living specimen of *Callidium sanguineum*, caught at Bromley, Middlesex, and some splendid Lepidoptera and Coleoptera, from Ega, on the Amazon, collected by Mr. Bates, who was now on his way home.—Mr. Shepherd exhibited a hermaphrodite specimen of *Smerinthus populi*, found at large. In this instance the right side was male.—Mr. Douglas exhibited a specimen of the longicorn beetle, *Coptowna variegatum*, Fab., a native of New Zealand, caught flying at Bows Common by Mr. Robertson last August. He also exhibited one of the Tipulidae, apparently a species of Trichocera, the pupa of which he found sticking out of the very hard sand on the side of the pit at Charlton, the insect being in the act of emerging therefrom. It was difficult to think how so slender a creature had the power to work through such hard material.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—April 16.—Sir C. Malcolm, President, in the chair.—"On the Superstitions of the Australians," by W. Miles.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—May 13.—S. Sharpe, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Bonomi exhibited and described gutta percha impressions of an Egyptian medal in copper or brass in the possession of Mr. Waddilove of Beacon Grange,—brought originally from Thebes by Mr. Swan.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—May 13.—W. Cubitt, Esq., President, in the chair.—The paper read was "On the Pneumatic Method adopted in constructing the Foundations of the New Bridge across the Medway, at Rochester," by Mr. J. Hughes.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—April 28.—The President, Captain Smyth, R.N., in the chair.—C. Evans, Esq., was elected a Fellow.—The paper read was "On the Geography of Southern Peru," by W. Bollaert, Esq.

GEOLICAL.—May 14.—W. Hopkins, Esq., President, in the chair.—L. J. Mackie, Esq., was elected a Fellow. The following communications were read:—

1. "On the last great Denudation of the Rocks within and around the Weald of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent; and on the Distribution of the Chalk-flint Drift in which Fossil Mammalia are entombed," by Sir R. I. Murchison.

2. "On a Deposit at Folkestone, containing Mammalian Bones," by S. J. Mackie, Esq.—The author noticed that on the summit of the West Cliff at Folkestone there occurs a deposit 1-5 feet thick, consisting of flint and other pebbles, in general but slightly water-worn, intermixed with loamy land and calcareous gritty marl, and containing in considerable quantity osseous remains of elephant, deer, ox, hyena, and hippopotamus.

mus, accompanied by numerous specimens of two or three species of land-snail. With this "bone bed" the author considers that certain beds of brick earth and drift, exposed in various sections in the neighbourhood, and containing bones of ox, deer, wolf or dog, horse and whale, together with land and freshwater shells, are more or less distinctly connected.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES. — April 23. — The President, Viscount Mahon, in the chair.—This was the anniversary,—and exactly one hundred years since the granting of the charter by George the Second. Viscount Mahon delivered his annual address. The new members of the council include the names of the Hon. R. C. Neville, Mr. J. B. Nichols, Mr. Prior, Mr. Wright, Mr. Blaw, Mr. P. Cunningham, Mr. Gwilt, Mr. Drake, &c.; together with various members of the late Council, including the officers,—viz. the President, the four Vice-Presidents, the Treasurer, the Director, and two Secretaries.

May 8.—Captain W. H. Smyth, Vice-President, in the chair.—Some bronze fibulae and other ancient personal ornaments, from Fairford, were exhibited.

May 15.—J. P. Collier, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair.—Col. Sykes sent two objects for exhibition:—1. A large square silver plate on which were embossed figures of Michael the Archangel and the Devil, of early Byzantine workmanship. —2. Nine out of twelve roundels, or fruit-trenchers, on which certain well-drawn figures were represented, accompanied by appropriate English verses.—A second paper by Mr. Collier "On Sir Walter Raleigh" was read. It contained much new and interesting matter connected with the life and character of that distinguished soldier, sailor, courier, poet and historian, between the years 1585 and 1592,—and promised still more information as to the subsequent portion of his career.

STATISTICAL. — May 19.—The Rev. E. W. Edgell, in the chair.—Mr. T. J. Brown read a paper "On the National Debt and Revenue in proportion to the Population and Extent of Area of the various States of Europe."—The data of this paper were obtained from "Almanac de Gotha," a work by Oberhausen, Reden's "Statistical Geography," Ritter's "Statistical Geography," another by Richter, and the "Conversations-Lexicon" published at Leipsic by Brockhausen. The total amount of debt borne by the fifty-eight European States was shown to be 1,753,278,127, of which the eight republics sustained three-twentieths and the monarchies the remaining seventeen-twentieths. Every geographical square mile in Europe is burthened with an average of 9,740/- of the public debt:—Hamburg sustaining the maximum of debt in proportion to its area, and Prussia and Turkey the minimum. And in proportion to the population of Europe an average of 6/- 10/- per head was indicated in this case,—the Netherlands sustaining the maximum and Prussia the minimum. The revenues of the European States yield a total of 207,301,752/-; of which 53,386,293/- is derived from the republics and 153,915,459/- or three-fourths, from the monarchies:—Spain holding the worst position as regards the amount of revenue opposed to the National Debt, the interest on which at 5/- per cent. would consume the whole revenue,—whilst Prussia requires only a fourteenth of its revenue to be so applied. The paper was purely statistical; and proved that it is not the amount of debt that undermines the State's credit, but the want of natural resources to cover the required interest.

MESMERIC INFIRMARY. — The annual meeting of this institution was held last week, at the Infirmary, in Bedford-street, Bedford-square. There was a very numerous attendance of subscribers and others. The Rev. G. Sandby was called to the chair, in the absence of Lord Robert Grosvenor, and, in the course of a few introductory observations, he congratulated the friends of mesmerism upon the progress it was making in the public conviction; upon the growing disappearance of prejudice, and upon the accession of several distinguished names to the institution. He spoke warmly of this subtle agency as a curative and palliative in cases of disease, where other means had failed to procure the slightest relief. Dr. Elliotson read the report, which gave an interesting description of the benefits which the Infirmary had been the means of communicating to the afflicted, illustrated by a number of most remarkable cases of cure. It appeared from the accounts that the annual subscriptions amount to 352/- 10/-, and that donations had been presented to the amount of 899/- 8s. The report was adopted; and, after several able speeches had been delivered, and the ordinary business of the meeting transacted, the proceedings terminated.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

1. OF BOOKS, &c.

The History of the Church of England, from the Revolution to the Last Acts of Convocation, 1688-1717, by the Rev. Wm. Palin, M.A., Rector of Stifford, Essex, is, we notice, now ready at the publishers. — We read in the correspondence from Berlin that a collection of the writings of Martin Luther has been seized and confiscated by the police of Prussia.—The Catalogue of the Five Hundred and Twenty-first Leipzig Book Fair, held in the Easter of this year, presents a variety of some importance on the five hundred and twenty catalogues which have preceded it. The books are classed not only alphabetically according to the

author's names, but also systematically in the order of the subjects. According to this catalogue, the number of books printed in Germany in the six months since the last fair, amounts to 3,684, and 1,136 more are in the press.—In French literature there is nothing noticeable but the reprint of those articles *Démocratie et Christianisme*, which caused M. Jacques to be removed from his professorial chair, and the announcement of a new pamphlet by Louis Blanc, *Plus de Girondins!*—In a short pamphlet written by Mr. Slack, one of the recent editors of *The Westminster Review*, we learn that this sage quarterly is unremunerative as a monetary speculation, and that its contents are chiefly the gratis contributions of amateur and other friendly reviewers.

2. OF LITERARY MEN.

The successful candidate for the Great Exhibition Prize Essay, given by the Rev. Dr. Emerton, of Hanwell College, is the Rev. I. C. Whish, incumbent of East Peckham, Kent, son of General Sir W. S. Whish, K. C. B., of the Bengal Army—the hero of Moulta.—*The Leader* relates that when it was known that Miss Lynn had completed another novel, two publishers, eager to obtain it, bid against each other as at an auction. She finally accepted an offer. The sum was to be paid before the MS. was seen; to be paid in fact on the strength of her reputation. When the publisher called to receive the MS., as he was handing her the cheque, she said, "No—you shall not buy thus in the dark; read the book after that, if you are willing to pay this sum for it, well and good; if not, our bargain may be considered as cancelled." The publisher gladly availed himself of this delicacy—and after reading the book declined it.—At the recent sale at Sotheby's of Mr. Wilks's well-known collection of autographs, the highly interesting letters from Shelley to his wife were bought in by Sir Percy Shelley,—that the letters from Shelley to Godwin, Graham, &c., were bought for publication by Mr. Moxon,—and the larger and better portion of the Byron books and poetry was bought by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street.—The trial of Mr. Forrest for a violent assault upon Mr. N. P. Willis commenced in the Superior Court of the state of New York, on the 8th instant, before Chief Justice Oakley, and was proceeding at the date of this departure. The assault was not denied, but was justified by Mr. Forrest's counsel in consequence of Mr. Willis's conduct towards Mr. Forrest's wife, and in the unhappy differences that existed between Mr. Forrest and his lady. It was expected that the jury would return a verdict with small damages.—One of the principal prizes for Greek, at a recent examination in the University of Edinburgh, was carried off by a blind student, a native of Dunkeld. He had used in his studies extracts from the books he was examined in, printed in raised characters, which he traced with his fingers.—The house, in Berlin, wherein dwelt the celebrated philosopher Moses Mendelsohn, has been purchased by the Hebrew community of that city, for the purpose of founding therein, with the approbation of the Government, a school in which poor orphans may, without distinction of religion, be taught some means of earning their bread.

3. OF INSTITUTIONS, SOCIETIES, &c.

"Penny Reading Rooms" have, within the last few days, been opened in Cheapside. They present a supply of newspapers, including the London daily journals, the leading Parisian and German, as well as the English, Scotch, and Irish provincial newspapers. This extensive selection the visitor is entitled to peruse on payment of the very trifling charge of one penny.—The annual meeting of the subscribers and committee of the London Library, was held on Saturday, at 12, St. James's-square; Lord Lytton presiding. The report stated that during the past year forty-nine new names had been added to the list of annual members (including one foreign), and five to that of the life members.—The Queen has allowed the Royal Pleasure Grounds at Kew to be opened to general visitors. They were thrown open on Monday last, and will remain so until the 12th of September, every day in the week, between the hours of one and six o'clock.—The French publishers seem really in earnest in their attack on literary piracy. We have already announced their intention to bring out a cheap edition of Lamartine's forthcoming "History of the Restoration," and to inundate Belgium and the continent with it before the Belgians can have time to reprint it. They have since published a letter, in which they declare that they have taken every possible precaution to prevent proofs of the work from reaching the Belgians; and they aver, that if, in spite of this, any Belgian publisher should bribe one of their employés to procure proofs or an early impression (as they too often have done in the publishing trade), they will prosecute both the briber and the bribed as thieves before the courts of assize in Belgium and France.—The excitement created in fashionable circles by the announcement of the Queen's Costume Ball, for the 13th of June develops itself in a strong muster of the élite of the aristocracy in the library, reading-room, and print-room of the British Museum, much to the astonishment of the officials and the ordinary denizens of that learned locality. For the last three or four days, the Viscountess Canning, Lady Seymour, the Countess of Waldegrave, Miss Coutts, and a crowd of the fair members of the aristocracy, have been busily engaged in the library, turning over

the various collections of engravings of costumes having reference to the period of the Restoration. Several very interesting and highly valuable illustrated works, bearing on this subject, are now placed on the tables by order of the authorities, in readiness for the inspection of their fair visitors.—On Monday a meeting of booksellers and music publishers in London and the provinces, took place at the residence of Mr. Charles Jefferys, in Soho-square, to consider the propriety of appealing to the House of Lords for a final decision respecting the copyright in England of foreigners residing abroad, the conflicting judgments of the law courts, as exemplified in the cause *Boosey v. Jefferys* (reported in *The Daily News* of the 21st inst.), having left the matter in question still open to doubt. After some conversation of a desultory nature, a resolution was passed, to the effect that it was expedient to appeal to the House of Lords for their decision on the subject of copyrights said to be vested in foreigners, and that subscriptions be entered into for the purpose of carrying out that object. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Bohn, who expressed his determination to use every means in his power to make the public acquainted with the nature of the late decision of the Court of Error, which, he said, granted to foreigners a privilege such as they were not likely to reciprocate with the authors or composers of this country. A subscription was opened, and several gentlemen entered their names on the list. The total amount required, it was stated, for prosecuting the appeal to the House of Lords, was 500/-; and there appeared to be a general impression amongst those present that the course proposed to be adopted would avoid future legal proceedings, and bring the long-disputed copyright question to a final termination.—Under the title of *Réunion des Arts* a number of professors and amateurs of musical and pictorial art propose to hold weekly meetings, the first of which took place recently day at the Beethoven-rooms, Queen Anne-street. In one of the apartments chamber music, of a classic character, will be performed, both by professors and others; in another, a small collection of paintings, original and selected, will be weekly exhibited; and it is proposed to give the meeting a literary character, by the introduction of orations, lectures, recitations, and so forth. The musical programme included Miss E. Day, Mlle. Rummel, Mr. I. Day, Herr C. Goffrie, and Herr Schmidt, and the collection of works of art included some clever water-colour and oil sketches. The association starts under good patronage, and publishes a long list of artistic members.

MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES.

MR. THACKERAY, the author of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, &c., has commenced a course of lectures on the "English Humorists." We take the following sketch of the first of them from *The Daily News*:

Mr. Thackeray began by saying that he must not be expected, in treating of these humorists, to utter only a series of lively and facetious observations. Harlequin without his mask was known to be as grave a man as his neighbours. It was to their lives, more than to their books, that he proposed to direct his attention, and they now suggested reflections of a serious if not a sad character. As their obiect had been to comment on others, they now became the subjects of observation themselves; the preachers of yesterday became the text of to-day's sermon. He then recapitulated the leading facts of Swift's life, his birth at Dublin, his service in Sir William Temple's, his political career. Alluding to his biographers, he happily characterized Johnson as having given him a surly recognition and passed on. After all, the best test was to say of any such man, "How would you have liked to have been his friend?" He should have liked to have been Shakespeare's call-boy; he should like to have lived on Harry Fielding's staircase—to have opened his door for him with his latch-key, and shaken hands with him in the morning, and listened to his talk over his jug of small beer; he should have enjoyed the charm of Addison's conversation. Now, as to Swift, if you had been his inferior, he would have treated you kindly; if you had met him as a man and his equal, he would have assailed you; if you had been a nobleman, he would have been the most delightful companion in the world. His servility swaggered so, that it looked like independence. He took the road like Macbeth, stopping all the carriages that came in his way, to get what he could from them; but there was one carriage with a mitre on it which he looked for very anxiously. It never came, however; so, said Mr. Thackeray, "he fired his pistol in the air, with a curse, and retired to his own country." After some observations on the disorders of that age, he said that Swift could not properly be called an Irishman. Steele and Goldsmith were Irishmen, and to the last. But Swift was not an Irishman because he was born in Dublin, any more than an Englishman born in Calcutta was a Hindoo. He uses his words thriffully as he did his fortune. He has no redundancy of illustration. Often he seems afraid of being eloquent. Next, he gave a picture of Temple's household, and Swift's position there, which was one of the most characteristic parts of the lecture. There this young obscure genius met as an inferior some of Sir William's important friends. What dull pomposity he must have listened to! What feeble jokes! I wonder (continued Mr. Thackeray) "if it ever struck Temple that this man was his master?" Doubtless such a notion never

came inside his ambrosial wig. What did the steward and Sir William's gentleman think of that Irish young gentleman? Here also was introduced some most felicitous ridicule of Temple's quotations and pedantry. And now came the first allusion—introduced with consummate elegance—to Swift's love of Stella. Swift's eyes, according to Pope, were as azure as heaven, and there was one person who was inclined to see heaven nowhere else! Contrasting Swift's humble position under Temple with his brilliant and important station during the Harley government, the lecturer came to the question of Swift's religious sincerity. Some of his critics had turned it in his favour that he performed his devotions secretly in his house. But surely there was no reason why there should not have been an open assembly for such a purpose! One of the most characteristic things was his advice to John Gay to turn clergyman—John Gay—the wildest of the London wits—the author of the "Beggar's Opera?" He considered Swift as having been a sceptic, and having suffered dreadfully from his scepticism. Henry Fielding and Steele were true churchmen: they laboured free-thinkers heartily; and each was ready, after he had stumbled, to go on his knees and cry *peccavi!* Swift was a man of different powers and a different mind. But he was far too great to have any cant. As far as the badness of his sermons goes, he was perfectly honest. They were political pamphlets. Swift was strangled in his hand. He seemed to have been haunted all his life by a fury. His sufferings were awful. He was lonely. The great generally are. The giants must be alone. Here he quoted the anecdote of Archbishop King, and Swift's declaring himself to him the most miserable of men; and, approaching directly the subject of Swift's attachments, apostrophised Stella with much tenderness and grace. She was, he said, one of the saints of English story. In spite of their disunion, and of Vanessa and the verdicts of most women, who generally took Vanessa's part in the controversy, the brightest part in Swift's story was his love for Esther Johnson. It had been his (Mr. Thackeray's) lot (of course in the way of his profession), to go through a great deal of sentimental reading; but he knew no writing more touching than those notes of Swift's to her, in what he called the Little Language. Such a man must have had a great deal of love in him. He gave a lively picture of the dean's first acquaintance with Vanessa: and said—quite in the strain of the author of "Vanity Fair"—that Stella had enjoyed one nice little bit of injustice; that *that young lady—that other person*—had been sacrificed to her. His description of the sad and clouded later day of the great man was very powerful and affecting; and he visited Swift's treatment of Stella very severely. But he paid them, as he did throughout, abundant homage to the dean's genius—of which he appeared to have a very high appreciation.—The lecture was heard throughout with evident delight and attention, and the applause was frequent and hearty.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

ONE OF LIFE'S RIDDLES.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Among the riddles of this sorry life
Is one, which he who fathoms well may laugh
In scorn of all the rest; 'tis this: "Who quaffs
Most freely of pain's draught—Earth's wells of strife—
Are most beloved of Him who strikes the knife
Of sorrow into human sides, and off
Joy's tree plucks leaf and fruit!"—A scoff
This may not be! Yet earnest doubt is rife
Within me, as I vainly try to trace
In ill a certain good—from feeble root
A strengthf'ul bough,—from impure source a rill
Of wholesome drink:—But wondrous is God's skill!
—As prickling of the fig doth ripe the fruit,
So may the heart-wound hasten spiritual grace!

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

TEA PLANTS.—Mr. Fortune, the naturalist, has arrived at Calcutta, from China, with upwards of 20,000 tea plants for the use of the Himalayan nurseries, Kemaon and Gurkhill. The Assam Tea Company's plantations are also rapidly increasing, and there is little doubt that in a few years tea will be extensively produced in India.

In will be interesting to our readers to be told that Mr. Gould's collection of humming birds, of the Zoological Gardens—and which has been long known to scientific men as of surpassing beauty—has now been arranged in the new room built for their reception by the Society,—and may be seen by the visitors to the gardens. The collection has been lent to the Society by Mr. Gould,—and forms a new and charming feature in this place of many attractions. We are not sure that we shall not be tempted to enter into a more detailed description of this beautiful display.

SHIPLOAD OF ELEPHANTS.—The bark *Regatta* has arrived here from India, freighted with nine living elephants, a zebu or Burmese bull, 16 enormous serpents including a brace of boa-constrictors, of 24 and 16 feet in length, besides a wilderness of monkeys, the fretted porcupine, and other live "varmints." One of the most curious features of this Noah's ark collection is a calf, elephant, about nine months old, and weaned from its

dam on the passage from Ceylon, being about three feet high, and as docile and playful as a kitten. Another is one of the native chiefs of Ceylon, who accompanies the show in charge of the elephants. This enterprise is the greatest, probably, since the days of the flood. The elephants were hunted and caught in their native jungles by Messrs. June and Nutter, accompanied by 160 of the natives. Their capture was effected by driving 250 of them into a kraal or rude pen, constructed in the jungle, out of which they succeeded in securing 13, two having died on the passage, and another being stolen from the drove. *The Regatta* made her passage home (13,000 miles), stopping at the Cape of Good Hope and the Island of St. Helena, in 112 days. The elephant hunters were three months and four days in the jungles before they effected their object.—*New York Tribune*.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGE.

COOK.—BUCKESTEETH.—On the 13th May, at Kelshall, Herbs, by the Rev. E. H. Buckesteth, curate of Bannington, W. H. Cook, Esq., surgeon, Tunbridge-wells, only son of Thomas Cook, Esq., R.N., F.R.S., Professor of Fortification at Addiscombe, to Harriet, the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Edward Buckesteth, rector of Watton.

DEATHS.

ANDERSON.—On the 19th May, aged 39, after a lengthened illness, Georgina, wife of James Anderson, Esq., lessee of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

COLNAGHI.—On the 16th May, at 62, Piccadilly, of influenza, aged 59, Mr. Martin Colnaghi, many years printseller and publisher of Cockspur-street, most deeply regretted.

ILLIDGE.— lately, aged 51, Mr. Thomas Illidge, the artist. He was well-known as a portrait-painter of eminence. Two of his pictures are in the Suffolk-street Exhibition, and in the Royal Academy at this moment.

KUNZE.—Lately, at Leipzig, Dr. Kunze, Professor of Botany.

PHILLIPS.—On the 11th May, at Camberwell, after a few days' illness, Richard Phillips, F.R.S., Curator of the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street, in his 73rd year.

SITZ.—Recently, Mr. Charles Sitz, the well-known clown of Drury Lane and Sadler's Wells: whose funeral at Pentonville attracted a crowd of nearly a thousand persons. Both as a droll and as a gymnast Mr. Sitz's talents were remarkable: his agility was always surprising. It was under Mr. Macready's management, and subsequently under Mr. Anderson's that Mr. Sitz was connected with Drury Lane. Of the Sadler's Wells company he has been for several years a member.

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SAIN'T AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things—each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire—the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess!

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth!

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill,
Whatever hinders or impedes,
The action of the nobler will!

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of Fair Renown
The right of eminent domain!

We have not wings—we cannot soar—
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time,

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted—wholly vain—
If rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

(*Graham's Magazine* for January.)

Books, Music, and Works of Art

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,

From May 1, to June 1, 1851.

[Some errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Mr. H. COLBURN.

Stuart of Dunleath. 3 vols.

Ralph Rutherford. 3 vols.

From Mr. SHOBERL.

Miriam Sedley. 3 vols.

From MESSRS. DARTON and CO.

A Little Earnest Book.

From MESSRS. CLOWES and CO.

Official Catalogue of the Great Exhibition.

Official Catalogue. First Corrected Edition.

From Mr. PAINTER.

Ordination, &c. From MESSRS. OAR and CO.

Chambers's Papers for the People. Vol. VIII.

Ecclesiastic. Plagues of Egypt.

From Mr. OLLIVIER.

The Parish Choir. Vol. III.

From Mr. HOGG.

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